

Contributor

THE



CONTRIBUTOR.
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



Vol. XI. AUGUST, 1890. No. 10.

· PUBLISHED · BY · THE ·
· CONTRIBUTOR · CO ·
· SALT · LAKE · CITY · UTAH ·

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

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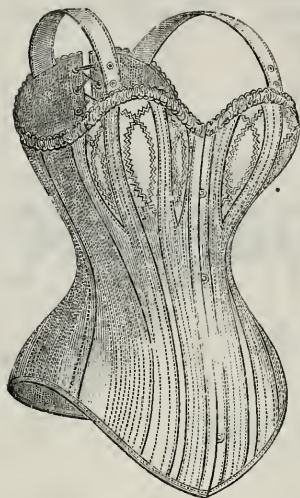
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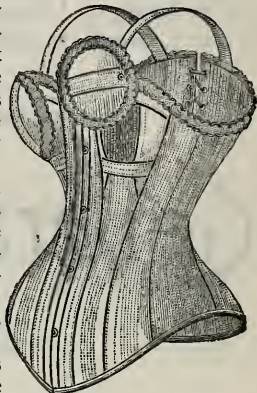
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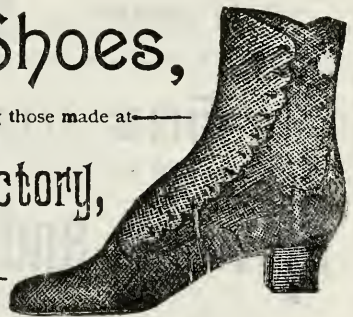
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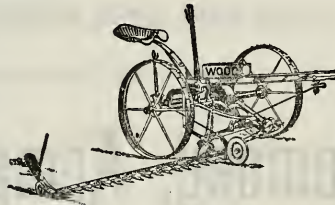
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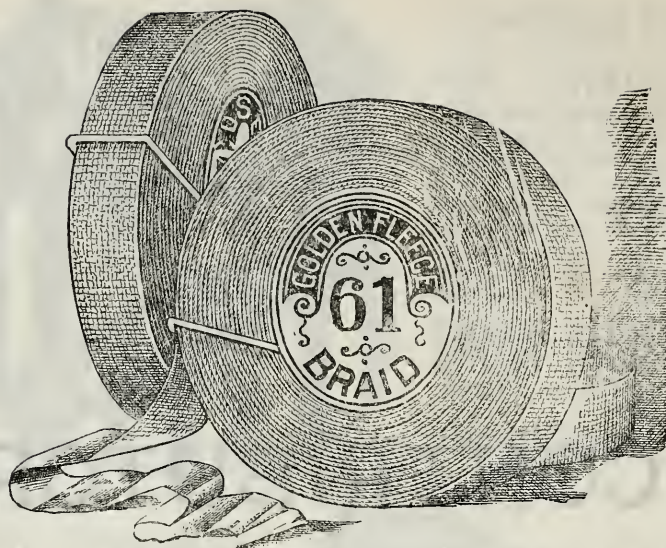
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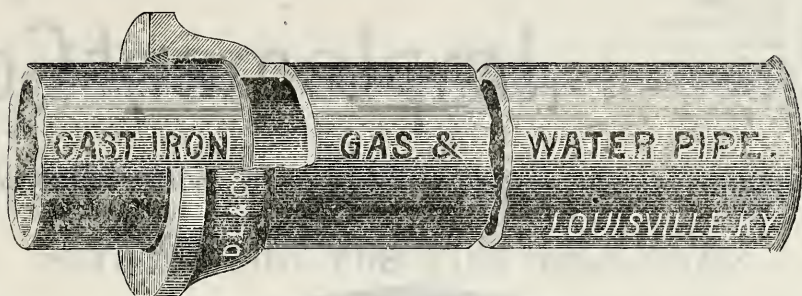
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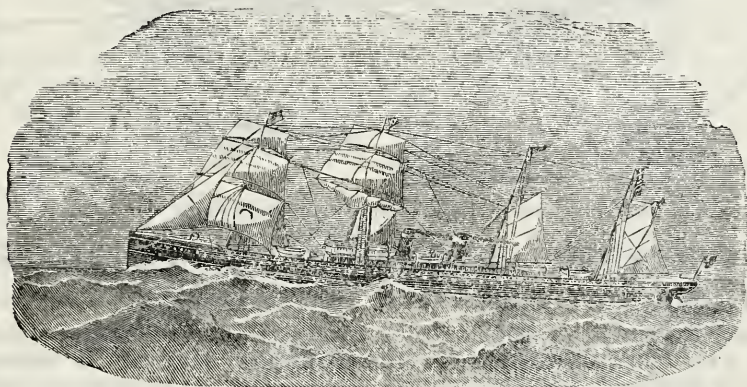


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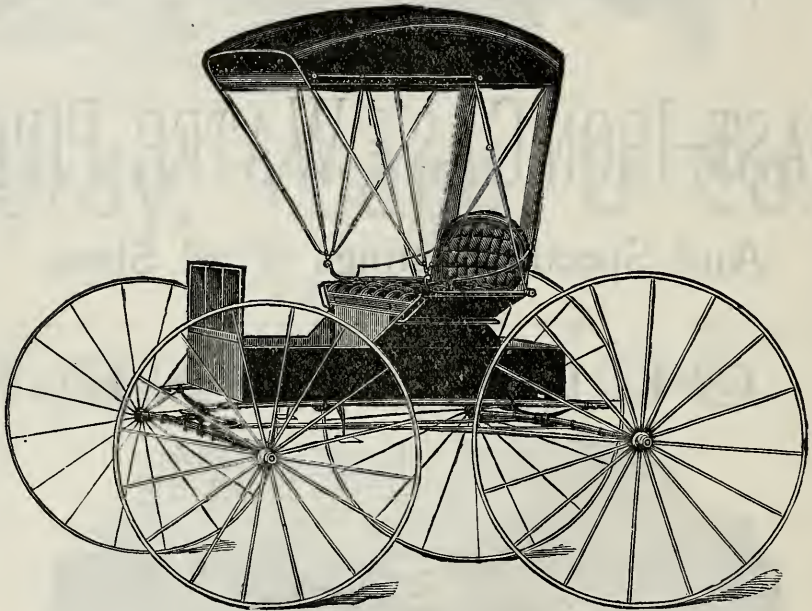
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AUGUST, 1890.

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PIONEER WOMEN OF UTAH.

II.

It had been the design of the leaders of Israel, on reaching the Missouri river in the summer of 1846, to leave the main body of their people at Winter Quarters and other temporary settlements founded along the way, and while the Saints from various parts were concentrating there, to push on that season with a picked band of pioneers and explore the Rocky Mountains. Had they done so, the probabilities are that the year 1847 would not have been immortalized in the manner that it was, nor the glorious "twenty-fourth of July" placed among "the high tides of the calendar." Instead, we might have been celebrating, all these years, some day in the latter part of October, or the beginning of November, as the immortal date of the advent of the pioneers into this valley.

An event occurred, however, in the summer of '46, which materially changed the programme, and delayed the departure of the Pioneers till the following spring. It was the mustering into government service of the Mormon Battalion—five hundred strong—and their departure about the middle of July for Mexico.

Left thus, in an Indian country, in the midst of a great exodus, when every able-bodied man was needed as a staff and defense for the aged and feeble, the leaders had no alternative but to wait until spring and go into "winter quarters" with their people.

It was now April, 1847, and the Pioneers, having been selected, were being equipped and made ready for the journey. Twelve times twelve men had

been chosen. Their names were as follows:

Brigham Young,
Orson Pratt,
George A. Smith,
Amasa Lyman,
Erastus Snow,
Jacob D. Burnham,
John M. Freeman,
George Wardell,
Barnabas L. Adams,
Starling Driggs,
Thomas Bullock,
Jesse C. Little,
John Y. Greene,
Addison Everett,
Lorenzo D. Young,
Albert P. Rockwood,
Luke Johnson,
Edmund Ellsworth,
George R. Grant,
Samuel Fox,
Eli Harvey Pierce,
Jacob Weiler,
Tarlton Lewis,
Zebedee Coltrin,
John Dixon,
George Scholes,
William A. Empey,
Andrew P. Shumway,
Chancey Loveland,
William Wordsworth,
Simeon Hewd,
James Case,
William C. A. Smoot,
William Carter,
Burr Frost,
Benjamin F. Stewart,
Eric Glines,
Seth Taft,
Stephen Kelsey,
Charles D. Barnham,
Rufus Allen,
James W. Stewart,
Levi N. Kendall,

Heber C. Kimball,
Wilford Woodruff,
Willard Richards,
Ezra T. Benson,
John S. Fowler,
Joseph Egbert,
Marcus B. Thorpe,
Thomas Grover,
Roswell Stevens,
Albert Carrington,
George Brown,
Phineas H. Young,
Thomas Tanner,
Truman O. Angell,
Briant Stringham,
Joseph S. Schofield,
John S. Holman,
Sidney Alvarus Hanks,
Millen Attwood,
Tunis Rappelye,
William Dykes,
Stephen H. Goddard,
Henry G. Sherwood,
Sylvester H. Earl,
Samuel H. Marble,
William Henrie,
Charles Shumway,
Thomas Woolsey,
James Craig,
William P. Vance,
Seely Owen,
Artemas Johnson,
Benjamin F. Dewey,
John G. Losee,
Datus Ensign,
Horace Monroe Frink,
Ozro Eastman,
Horace M. Thornton,
John S. Eldredge,
Almon L. Williams,
Robert T. Thomas,
Elijah Newman,
Francis Boggs,

David Grant,	Howard Egan,
William H. King,	Thomas P. Cloward,
Hosea Cushing,	Robert Byard,
George P. Billings,	Edson Whipple,
Philo Johnson,	Charles Muir,
Appleton M. Harmon,	William Clayton,
Horace K. Whitney,	Orson K. Whitney,
Orrin Porter Rockwell,	Nathaniel T. Brown,
Jackson Reddin,	John Pack,
Francis M. Pomeroy,	Aaron Farr,
Nathaniel Fairbanks,	John S. Higbee,
John Wheeler,	Solomon Chamberlain,
Conrad Klineman,	Joseph Rooker,
Perry Fitzgerald,	John H. Tippetts,
James Davenport,	Henson Walker,
Benjamin W. Rolfe,	Norton Jacobs,
Charles A. Harper,	George Woodard,
Stephen Markham,	Lewis Barney,
George Mills,	Andrew S. Gibbons,
Joseph Hancock,	John W. Norton,
Shadrach Roundy,	Hans C. Hanson,
Levi Jackman,	Lyman Curtis,
John Brown,	Matthew Ivory,
David Powell,	Hark Lark (colored),
Oscar Crosby (colored),	Joseph Matthews,
Gilburd Summe,	Joseph S. Gleason,
Charles Burke,	Alexander P. Chessley
Rodney Badger,	Norman Taylor,
Green Flake (colored),	Ellis Eames.

Ellis Eames, the last named, fell sick after the company started, and was obliged to return to Winter Quarters, thus leaving the total number of men at one hundred and forty three.

It was no part of the original plan to include women and children in the company. It was supposed that the journey to the mountains would prove too much for any but the hardest and healthiest men, who had consequently been chosen; and as for taking delicate women and helpless children along, the idea, if thought of, was not for a moment entertained.

Brother Lorenzo D. Young, who lives to tell the story, claims to have first suggested the idea, which, having been carefully considered by the President, his brother, was finally adopted as feasible. It appears that Lorenzo's wife, Harriet, was in feeble health, which was further imperiled by the damp atmosphere of the Missouri bottoms. She declared it to be her conviction that if she remained there, while her husband went with the Pioneers, he would never look upon her face again. Naturally tender-hearted,

and touched by the pathetic appeal of her whom he fondly loved, "Uncle Lorenzo" resolved to plead her cause with the President, and did so, expressing the opinion that his wife's health would improve rather than deteriorate by the journey, and that she would help and not hinder their march to the mountains. The President yielded to his entreaties, and finally decided to take one of his own wives as well, and to have his friend and confrere, Apostle Heber C. Kimball, do the same.

Harriet Young was permitted to take with her her little son, Isaac Perry Decker, and her husband's son, Lorenzo Sobieski.

President Young selected as the partner of his journey, his wife, Clara Decker, possibly for the reason that she, like her mother, was frail and delicate, and he hoped that her health, in the pure open air of the plains and mountains, might improve. But there was still another reason, or good ground for one, which doubtless had not escaped the keen perception of the great pioneer leader. Clara, despite her delicate frame and youthful years, was a woman of rare mettle, brave, self-possessed—particularly in the presence of danger—and added to that high quality one still more exalted—a sublime unselfishness, a willingness at all times to sacrifice her own comfort for the weal of others; a trait which ever makes its possessor a lovable and desirable companion, especially on a journey such as the pioneers were undertaking. From a brave mother, and a noble, self-sacrificing sire, she had inherited the best qualities of either.

Apostle Kimball chose his wife, Ellen Sanders, the Norwegian farmer's daughter, to share with him the toils and dangers of the long and perilous pilgrimage. Probably he deemed her better able than his other wives to endure the hardships and privations in prospect; the vicissitudes of her early life having inured her to just such toils and sacrifices as were now required.

All being ready, the Pioneers set out upon their immortal journey.

"On the 7th day of April, 1847," says

Lorenzo D. Young, "in company with the Mormon Pioneers, under the leadership of my brother Brigham, I left Winter Quarters with one ox-team of two yoke, driven by Briant Stringham, and one two-horse team driven by myself; bringing also one cow. I had with me my wife Harriet P., my little son Lorenzo S., and my step-son Perry Decker, the only two children in the company."

Brother Lorenzo relates how apprehensive some of the brethren were that his wife's cow, included in his train, would hinder the progress of the Pioneers, but adds, with infinite zest, how their bovine pet, after being tied the first two days to one of the oxen, followed the camp like a faithful dog all the way to the mountains. Besides, she gave a good mess of milk daily, from which Sister Harriet, his thrifty helpmeet, made frequent churnings, supplying their part of the camp with fresh butter, which was of course a great luxury.

There were nineteen cows in the camp, according to the diary of William Clayton, its scribe and historian, but Uncle Lorenzo claims for this particular and worthy "boss" the honor of being the first cow, so far as known, that ever crossed the Rocky Mountains, to browse among the rich "dews" of "McBride's meadows."

May not some future poet, of the Thomas Buchanan Read order, seize upon this episode and render it immortal? If the horse that

—"saved the day

By bringing Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester, twenty miles away,"

can be immortalized, why not the cow that helped refresh the weary souls of the Pioneers, from the Missouri river all the way to the Rocky Mountains?

And when her statue is placed on high,
Under the dome of our Utah sky,
"Be it said in letters both bold and bright,"
That shall gladden the soul as they greet the sight:

This is the cow that led the way,
And gave good rich milk twice a day,
From Winter Quarters, to where—they say—
Maud Muller McBride first raked the hay!

Sister Harriet also took with her some

fine Russian fowls, purchased by her husband in Oregon, Missouri, attaching their diminutive coop to the feed-box behind one of the wagons. The hens laid three eggs daily, and kept up the ovicular industry with untiring zeal, from the Missouri river all the way to "the valley."

Harriet and her husband started out in advance of some of the Pioneer company. Presidents Young and Kimball were detained at Winter Quarters on Church business, while the camp, which they several times visited, was forming on the western prairie. They attended the Church conference on the sixth of April, and within the next few days completed their preparations for the journey.

"On the 14th of April," says Apostle Kimball, "having all things prepared, and my ox-teams being gone some time, at 2 o'clock p.m., I bid farewell to my family, committed them to the care of my heavenly Father, and entered the carriage in company with my son William, my wife, Ellen Sanders, and Brother William Clayton, to make a final start for west of the mountains. My son William went to carry us out to the camp which was beyond the Elk Horn. The others were going on with the Pioneer company. Bishop Whitney, his son Joshua, and Lyman Whitney also started in a wagon to accompany us to the camp. After traveling about fifteen miles we overtook George Rhodes, who was taking a cow to the camp which had strayed thence and gone back to Winter Quarters. When we arrived at the Pappea we picked up some wood and put it into our wagons, knowing we should not get to the camp that night, and there being no more timber till we got there. We went on about two miles, and at sundown turned out beside some small holes of water, not very good. We soon made a fire, cooked our victuals, and ate a hearty supper. We then bowed before the Lord, myself being mouth, and committed ourselves, our families, and the Saints to God, and soon after retired to rest. William Kimball, George Rhodes and Lyman Whitney took turns in standing through the

night to guard our horses against the Indians. The evening was very pleasant, but cool."

Such was the beginning of Sister Ellen's pioneer experience.

At half-past eleven a.m., next day, the Kimball party arrived at the Elk Horn, which they crossed by means of a raft constructed by some of the Pioneers who had gone before. There they overtook President Young, George A Smith, Amasa Lyman, Ezra T. Benson and others, who had just got their wagons over the river. An hour later the whole party were safe on the other side, continuing their journey to camp, which they reached at about three p.m. The pioneers rejoiced at the arrival of their leaders, as all were ready and anxious to proceed with as little delay as possible.

The camp was now organized as a military body, into companies of "hundreds, fifties, and tens," according to the word and will of the Lord, given through President Brigham Young at Winter Quarters, on the fourteenth of January. The following named were its officers: Brigham Young, lieutenant general; Stephen Markham, colonel; John Pack and Shadrach Roundy, majors; captains of companies, Wilford Woodruff, Ezra T. Benson, Phineas H. Young, Luke Johnson, Stephen H. Goddard, Charles Shumway, James Case, Seth Taft, Howard Egan, Appleton M. Harmon, John Higbee, Norton Jacobs, John Brown and Joseph Matthews. Thomas Bullock was appointed clerk, and Thomas Tanner, captain of artillery.

The artillery consisted of one cannon, mounted on a pair of wheels, and taken along to help "keep the peace" with hostile Indians.

The instructions of General Young to the company were as follows: The men were to travel in a compact body, every man with his loaded gun in his hand, or, if a teamster in his wagon, ready for instant use; every man to walk beside his wagon, unless sent by the officer in command, and the wagons to travel two abreast wherever practicable. At five a. m., the bugle would sound the call to rise, assemble for

prayers and get breakfast, and at seven give the signal for starting. At half-past eight p.m., at the sound of the bugle, each was to retire for prayers in his own wagon, and at nine o'clock, all, save the sentries, to bed.

The camp was quite complete in its equipment, not only in a military, but in a general way. Willard Richards, William Clayton and others were its historians, keeping faithful account of the details of the journey from day to day; Burr Frost, the blacksmith, and his assistants, with portable forge and tools, reset the tires of wheels and otherwise repaired the wagons of the Pioneers from time to time; and there were farmers, builders and colonizers in abundance.

Sisters Harriet, Ellen, and Clara cooked, washed, and sewed for their husbands and respective parties, and for the remainder of the camp all such domestic duties were performed by men. In cases of sickness, which were quite numerous toward the latter end of the journey, the sisters were indeed what the poet has truly styled women under such conditions—"ministering angels."

The route of the Pioneers lay up the north bank of the Platte. Along the muddy waters of that majestic stream they slowly wended their way. Toward the latter part of April they found themselves in the heart of the Pawnee Indian country. Here occurred a somewhat interesting scene, well calculated to test, to an extent, the mettle of our three heroines, if not of their sterner companions as well. They had halted for dinner on the bank of a long, narrow lake close by the river, when the Indians, who had forded the stream from their village on the opposite shore, swarmed around them in hundreds. They were headed by the Pawnee chief, "Shefmolun." Their manner, however, was not hostile, and their motive, as soon manifested, purely mercenary. Presenting certificates, signed by various travelers who had passed that way, to the effect that the Pawnees were friendly, and that it was a custom to make them presents in return for the privilege of passing through their country, they indicated that similar tributes would be

acceptable from the Pioneers. Cheerfully the latter responded, imparting of their limited stores, a few articles such as flour, tobacco, lead, powder, salt, etc., in quantities proportionate to the amounts possessed. But the sons of Laman were not satisfied. Like *Oliver Twist* they wanted "more," and more the Pioneers could not afford to give. The red men professed the fear that their white brothers would frighten away their buffalo by passing through the country, and intimated that from such a large company they expected larger presents. Further parleying ensued, and finally the savages left, unsatisfied, thought not at all unfriendly. That night, however, it was deemed prudent to place the cannon outside the camp, while a strong guard stood armed and in readiness to repel any attack that might be made by the savages. But the night wore away in peace, and the Pioneers were not molested.

Next came the perilous passage of the Loup Fork, which, like the Platte, to which it is tributary, rolls over treacherous beds of quicksand. Ellen Kimball's husband leaped into the stream, at one time, to prevent their wagon from being over-turned. A couple of rafts were constructed, and the sands packing down as the horses continued fording, the passage was finally effected without accident or loss. During the next few days, however, several horses were accidentally killed and others stolen by Indians. Some of the brethren, while out in quest of the missing animals, were shot at by the red-skins.

About the first of May, the pioneers reached Grand Island. Here the prairies swarmed with buffalo. A grand hunt was indulged in, resulting in the slaying, after much exciting sport, of ten of the animals, which, being brought to camp, were distributed equally among the "tens," each division receiving about one quarter. After this day's sport, President Young counseled the brethren not to kill game wantonly, or when not in need of food, and warned them against the spirit of levity and mirth-making in which some were indulging to

excess. His wise counsel was obeyed and a general reformation followed.

A month later the Pioneers arrived opposite Fort Laramie, five hundred and forty-three miles from Winter Quarters. The first half of their journey to the mountains was now over. They crossed the Platte on a ferry-boat, hired from Mr. Bordeaux, a Frenchman in charge of affairs at the Fort. From him they learned that some time before a company of Missourians, en route for Oregon had passed over, and that in the company was ex-Governor Lilburn W. Boggs, before whose inhuman edict, in the winter of 1838-9, fifteen thousand Latter-day Saints had been expelled from the state of Missouri. It seems that Boggs had maligned the Saints to Mr. Bordeaux, who replied that the Mormons could not be any worse than his party, who were quarreling and stealing all along the route. Mr. Bordeaux told the brethren that they were the best behaved company that had come that way.

At the Black Hills they were seven days in crossing the river, and being there overtaken by other Missourians ferried them over also, at the rate of \$1.50 for each wagon and load, taking their pay in flour, meal and bacon, at Missouri prices. To have their depleted stores replenished in the Black Hills, and at the hands of their old enemies, the Missourians, was regarded by the Pioneers as little less than a miracle. Captain Thomas Grover and eight others were left at the North Platte ferry, to assist the emigration that was to follow in the wake of the Pioneers.

The main company proceeded on its way, reaching South Pass on the twenty-sixth of June. Two days later Colonel Bridger was encountered. In conversation with President Young and the leaders, the veteran frontiersman rendered a very discouraging report in relation to this inter-mountain region. Said he: "I'll give a thousand dollars for the first bushel of wheat raised in Salt Lake Valley."

Possibly he might have done, and yet not have given many times more than

that first bushel of wheat was actually worth, when raised.

On went the heroic band, nothing daunted, wading rivers, skirting deserts, and climbing mountains, trusting in God and their great destiny.

At Green River quite a number of them, including Presidents Young and Kimball, were attacked by mountain fever. Now had the sisters an opportunity to prove that no mistake was made when they were included in the pioneer company; in other words, an opportunity to manifest their skill and tenderness in nursing. With the aid of mild herbs and botanic medicines—of which Harriet's husband, who was the "Doctor" of the company, had brought along a goodly supply—united with the prayer of faith, the sick were all restored to health, not one life being lost. President Young, however, whose sickness was severe, remained feeble until after his arrival in the valley.

Crossing the rugged Uintah range and

arriving at Echo Cañon, the camp rested, to allow their sick to more thoroughly recruit. From that point Orson Pratt and Erastus Snow, with a detachment of forty men with wagons, were sent ahead to cut a road over the mountains and through the cañons. Thus it was that Elders Pratt and Snow were favored with the first glimpse of Salt Lake Valley, which they entered and partly explored on the twenty-first of July.

Sisters Harriet, Clara and Ellen remained, of course, with their husbands, beyond the Weber. At the expiration of several days the camp again set forward. Passing over the Big and Little mountains, following the rugged route marked out for them, they reached Emigration Cañon, and on the ever memorable "Twenty-fourth"—a day destined to live in song and story—our three heroines, with President Brigham Young and the main body of the Pioneers, entered the Valley of the Great Salt Lake.

Orson F. Whitney.

WISDOM OF GOD—AGENCY OF MAN.

In the system of created things I see a mansion, a palace, the grandest that human eye can gaze upon. Its foundations are laid so deep that no man can find its beginnings. Its walls rise in symmetrical grandeur. Its towers point majestically into the sky. Around the building swarms a multitude, and through its open portals a stream of human beings pours. I enter and what a throng is there! I see the idler who comes only to satisfy his curiosity. I see the humble worshipper who sings his psalms of praise. Here is the pupil who comes to learn; here the critic who, with book and pencil, examines everything with exactness. Here is found the scoffer with a smile of irony, his disdainful air meant to indicate his superior wisdom. Once inside, this motto greets us: "Welcome, all heights and depths are yours." The freedom of the place is theirs. Now as we advance the true nature of the building is more fully shown. The outside is

grand, but does not compare with the exquisite workmanship of the interior. From room to room, from one stage to another, new surprises continually burst upon us. The mason can find no flaw in the construction. The mechanic can see no imperfections in the workmanship. The artist is lost in admiration at the perfection of form and shade and color. The philosopher is content. The critic can find nothing out of place. The minutest portion of the building is beyond his criticism. The crowd grows less. The idler and the listless are gone. They caught a glimpse of the flights of stairs leading to the upper regions. The earnest, the lingerer after truth, the ambitious and the critic are found toiling upwards, enticed on by the ever widening view, the ever opening wonders and beauties of the place. We pause to rest. 'Tis but the first landing; they continue, and reach above us, beyond calculation. "My friends, this is indeed a wonder and

a marvel, but in it all I can see no evidence of either architect or builder."

The company stare in amazement at the speaker. What can he mean? He is hardly understood, till one suggests: "Come, lead him on a little higher, give him a wider view, show him more sublimities of creative art, and perhaps he will change his tone." Up we go. The throng below disappears, the last being the scowling cynic, who, thoroughly convinced that he has arrived at the limit of human attainments, is trying to convince the people of that doctrine. We pause again. Over the bewildering grandeur of the palace the skeptic gazes, up to its vast dome he glances. "My friends, it is of no use, the higher I go the more am I convinced that this building had no founder, that no supervising hand directed its construction."

Can it be possible? Here we stand, the height of our climbing having but given us a peep into this wonderland of beauties. Under our feet and around about us are exhibited the sublime conceptions of a master hand. Over our heads its glories shine with brighter lustre, and we can catch a glimpse of a grander magnificence. Up the gilded portals in rapture gaze, while afar in the upper depths we can hear enchanting music softly echo down through labyrinthian galleries—here we stand and hear denied a conception equal to the greatness of the building, an architect capable of drawing its plans, a builder with power to perform the work!

Reading an article by a young home writer recently, I came across this passage:* "As his (man's) knowledge of nature has increased, his belief in the existence of a being who created the universe and controlled its movements, has decreased."

As a matter of history, the above statement may be true; belief has decreased, but as belief alone proves or disproves nothing, the above quotation can not be taken as proof of the non-existence of a creator. The writer has certainly made a strong case against the so-called Christian churches of the day. He has weighed

*"The Crime of Mitre and Crown," by E. M. Allison, in the *Commonwealth*.

them in a balance which finds them wanting. He exposes the unmerciful cruelties of the dark ages in all their hideousness, giving the horrible history in detail, and then asks the young man who is "sincerely investigating the doctrines of Christianity," what inducements are held out to allure him into the church? He certainly can find no very tempting ones.

But now having drawn this dark picture, the writer proceeds to criticise the being who permitted such deeds to occur; to hold up to derision the acts of a being, who, if he exists and is supreme, should, the author claims, have controlled these things differently. That God does not manage the affairs of men according to their views is an infidel's argument against there being a God. He looks upon God as a monster, a cruel monstrosity who delights in seeing the sufferings of His children. How is this? His line of reasoning is not so much at fault as are the premises upon which his argument rests. No infidel can nor does dispute the fact that the life was beautiful of Him who is said to be the founder of Christianity; that it was a model of perfection, one that no man would err in following. It is claimed that He established a system after the pattern of His own perfection, and that it has existed throughout the ages until now. Yet comparing that order now with its beginning, we find as much difference between the two periods as there is between light and darkness. Then what follows? Simply that the system Christ instituted was not adhered to; the doctrines He taught were not received; the principles He laid down were departed from. The church became apostate, was no longer inspired of God; therefore, the authority that man exercised in His name was but mockery, the crimes committed, a perversion of the law of righteousness. The acts of an apostate church furnishes no evidence that a true church cannot exist. We do not gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles. The fact that tyrants have existed does not prove that liberty is a myth. The fact that cruelty has reigned supreme does not prove that there are no such things as kindness and mercy. Hate does

not abolish love. That a Jeffries deals out infamy and calls it law does not establish the non-existence of just constitutional statutes.

The writer quoted, in common with the general unbeliever, claims that because God did not exercise "His unlimited power in banishing misery, suffering, and woe, * * * He is unworthy the worship of humanity."

In considering the above statement, (quoting from Froude, the historian), "The old question must first be settled, what is the real purpose of human life?"

Ingersoll, in a late issue of the *Chicago Herald*, is reported to have made the following utterance: "I believe the only reason or excuse for our existence is that the result shall be happiness. If the result of life is not happiness, then back of life is a fiend and not a being that is God."

Compare that with the following from the Book of Mormon (11. Nephi 2: 25): "Men are that they might have joy." Here then we have a doctrine teaching that the real purpose of human life is happiness; a doctrine that unhesitatingly pronounces true that which the unbeliever can alone look towards in hope, as the only object of his existence.

The skeptic hints that there is a "something" back of this life. It is true. That "something" is a wise Creator, a kind Father who knows what is best for the good of his creations. The first requisite for the obtaining of happiness is agency. Without perfect freedom of exercising his powers; without the liberty to choose for himself, to investigate, to learn, to decide; without the privilege of choosing good or evil, right or wrong as he desires, man would be deprived of the greatest part of his happiness. Then as man is that he might have joy, God has given to man his free agency, to exercise it, to do with himself as he likes. But if all were goodness, if all were right, of what use is agency? There must needs be opposites. If all were day, we would know naught of darkness—there would be no joy in the sunlight. There would be no sweet without the bitter. We learn by comparisons, and the acquisition of

knowledge is a great factor in furthering us on to the goal of happiness. It is the lot of man to suffer. He could not answer the ends of his creation without it.

By suffering, our natures are perfected. The overcoming of obstacles, the surmounting of trials, adds a new strength to our weakness. Progression is the removing of difficulties in the way of our growth. There is a virtue in pain aside from its being the punishment of a broken law, although we do not always see it. The child can not comprehend that the painful ministrations of the parent are for his good. The patient oftentimes sees not the kindness behind the surgeon's knife. Without adversity how could patience, forgiveness, endurance, fortitude, all the higher attributes of man be made manifest? How could mercy be exercised? Mercy that

"Droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven.
Upon the place beneath it; it is twice blessed;
It bleaseth him that gives and him that takes,
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest."

Christ suffered the agonies of the cross, though he had power to call legions of angels to his protection.

To say, then, that God cannot be a being of infinite power and mercy because He allows His children to pass through affliction is to reason as a child, having none of the wisdom of a man.

Even Ingersoll, if he is reported rightly, has admitted the possibility of the above conclusions, as notice in the following, taken from the same article as the previous quotation:

"It may be possible that a God of infinite love and compassion will so reward those who suffer through suffering itself—that all that happens will be consistent with wisdom and compassion."

The world is in a conflict of theories. The mightiest among the creeds and beliefs are testing their skill in the arena of discussion. The Latter day Saint can be an interested spectator. High above the din of battle, he can sit judging the merits of each. With the Spirit of God for his guide, with the Gospel of Christ as his assurance, he can say to each and all, Come, cease your strife! partake of a system of peace wherein you can be

indeed free ; wherein every noble characteristic, every elevating thought, can find ample room for expansion and growth ; wherein all God's creations can be aided on to the exalted destiny that awaits them. Come, enjoy a "Religion that

will satisfy the intellect with its truths ; touch the heart with its love ; sway the will with its persuasiveness ; gratify the taste with its beauties ; and fill the imaginations with its sublimities."

Nephi Anderson.

"THE MORRISITE WAR."

DEPUTY MARSHAL STODDARD made due return of his service of the writ. Although the Morrisite leaders were ordered to bring the prisoners, illegally detained, before the court *forthwith*, they had not on the 10th day of June obeyed the mandate of the court or evinced any disposition to do so.

On the last named date, H. O. Hansen, a farmer who lived near the Morris fort, but was not a member of the sect, made affidavit before Judge Kinney of the circumstances of the arrest and unlawful detention of William Jones and John Jensen, alleging that they were imprisoned in an old log house, heavily ironed, and under a strong guard, both day and night, that no one but the guards were allowed to speak to them, and that they were threatened with instant death if they attempted to escape ; that they were restrained of their liberty, without warrant of law or any legal process whatever, by Joseph Morris, John Banks, Richard Cook, John Parsons, and one Klemguard ; and were, in the opinion of affiant, in danger of being wantonly murdered unless speedily released.

Philo Allen made a similar affidavit before the Chief Justice, who was highly enraged at the defiant attitude of the Morrisites.

The judge immediately issued the following writ :

TERRITORY OF UTAH, }
Great Salt Lake County. } ss.

To Henry W. Lawrence, Esq., Territorial Marshal, or Robert T. Burton.

Whereas, Philo Allen, of Davis County, and Territory of Utah, hath this day filed a complaint, on oath, before me, that on or about the 1st day of May, A. D., 1862, in the County of Davis, and Territory of Utah, one Joseph Morris, John Banks, Richard Cook, John Parsons

and Peter Klemguard, did then and there willfully and without lawful authority, forcibly and against the will of William Jones and John Jensen, (imprison said William Jones and John Jensen) and have kept them in close confinement ever since, therefore you are hereby commanded to arrest said Joseph Morris, John Banks, Richard Cook, John Parson and Peter Klemguard, if they be found in your bailiwick, and have them before me forthwith, at the Court House in Great Salt Lake City, then and there to be dealt with according to law, and have you then and there this writ with your return thereon endorsed. Hereof fail not under the penalty of the law.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Third Judicial Court, at Great Salt Lake City, this 10th day of June, A. D., 1862.

[SEAL.]

John F. Kinney,

Judge, Third Judicial Court, Utah.

Attest: *Patrick Lynch*, Clerk.

On the 11th of June, the succeeding day, the judge issued a writ of attachment for the arrest of the Morrisite leaders, for contempt of court. This recited the issuance of the writ of *habeas corpus*, the contemptuous treatment of the authority issuing the writ, the failure to obey the mandate of the court, though a sufficient time had elapsed for the defendants, if they intended to do so, to appear, and ordered their arrest and subjection to the further order of the court. Judge Kinney was burning with indignation at the highly contemptuous course of the Morrisites, and insisted that the governor should call out a part of the militia to act as a *posse comitatus* in the enforcement of the latter process of the court

Secretary Frank Fuller, who, in the absence of Governor Dawson, was acting Governor, issued the necessary order calling out a force of militia to act in conjunction with the marshal in the enforcement of the writ.

Major Lawrence, the marshal, feared that to send a *posse* would provoke armed resistance and the innocent would suffer, and therefore opposed the step; he left for the East just before it became necessary to serve the final writs, glad to escape the unpleasant necessity of bloodshed which he felt to be inevitable.

Gen. Robert T. Burton was the chief deputy of the marshal at the time. He also declined to have anything to do with the affair, assigning reasons to the judge, who pressed the duty upon him, that were satisfactory to the acting governor present at the time. Gen. Burton expected that the persons in contempt, upon reflection would yield to the order of the court and counseled delay. So for the time the matter passed off. The chief justice, however, again approached General Burton on the subject and insisted that the writs must be speedily served. The general finally said that if he should go, he wished to be furnished with a requisite *posse*, believing that an overwhelming force would cause a surrender without bloodshed.

General Burton, upon requisition made by the acting governor, was furnished by General Wells with a *posse comitatus* consisting of one skeleton company of riflemen, one full company and a detachment of artillery, in all about two hundred and fifty men. The artillerymen had a six pound gun and a brass howitzer. Some of the troops were mounted.

The troops were joined by the general about four miles south of the Morrisite settlement on the evening of the 12th of June. The next morning, the *posse* moved towards the settlement and about 8.30 a. m. arrived on the bluffs near by. General Burton had previously dispatched Major Egan, Judson L. Stoddard, Thomas Abbott and Wells Smith to the fort with the following proclamation:

Headquarters, Marshal's Posse,

Weber River, June 13, 1862.

To Joseph Morris, John Banks, Richard Cook, John Parsons, and Peter Klemguard:

WHEREAS, You have heretofore disregarded and defied the judicial officers and laws of the Territory of Utah; and whereas, certain writs have been issued for you from the Third Judi-

cial District Court of said Territory, and a sufficient force furnished by the Executive of the same to enforce the laws, this is therefore to notify you to *peaceably* and *quietly* surrender yourselves and the prisoners in your custody forthwith.

An answer is required in thirty minutes after the receipt of this document, if not, forcible measure will be taken for your arrest. Should you disregard this proposition and place yourselves in jeopardy, you are hereby *required to remove your women and children*; and all *persons peaceably disposed* are hereby notified to forthwith leave your encampment, and are informed that they can find protection with the *posse*.

H. W. Lawrence,

Territorial Marshal.

Per R. T. Burton and Theodore McKean,

Deputies.

Deputy Marshal Burton delivered this proclamation to the messengers named, with orders to deliver it to John Banks or Morris, if possible, but they deemed it unwise to take it in person, and so put it in the hands of a herd boy who promised to take it to the Morrisite prophet.

The boy conveyed the message to Banks, whose house was immediately surrounded by a crowd of his brethren anxious to learn the intentions and demands of the armed force on the hill. The crowd was ordered away by Banks, and the communication was submitted to the leader. Shortly afterwards the band came out and played for about ten minutes. Then the bugle sounded calling the people to the meeting place.

The following account of what occurred in the fort after the receipt of the proclamation, was written by a gentleman who was present at the time, and was then associated with the sect.

"Mr. Morris, a firm believer in the revelations he received, remarked, in answer to the enquiry: 'What shall be done?' that he would 'go and enquire of the Lord.' He was soon heard in solemn and earnest prayer. In the meantime, word was sent round the camp for the people to at once assemble in meeting, and consult on the question.

"Women and children came together hurriedly, yet there was no excitement, and soon the Bowery was well filled. Mr. Morris was seen to come out from

his dwelling with a paper in his hand. This paper proved to be a *written* revelation. His council were awaiting him. The revelation was read to the council and a peculiar document it was. It purported to come from God who was represented as being pleased with His faithful people there, and as having brought the *posse* against them to show His own power in the complete destruction of their enemies. It also promised that *now* the triumph of His people should come, their enemies should be smitten before them, *but not one of his faithful people should be destroyed*; not a hair of their heads should be harmed. The council at once stepped out into the Bowery, close to which lived all leading men, and to save time singing was omitted, and the meeting was briefly opened by prayer *

"Mr. John Parsons, in his clear, sonorous voice, then read the revelation. Mr. Richard Cook arose to consult with the people as to which should be obeyed—the proclamation, demanding the surrender of the prisoners held in custody of Peter Klemguard, and four of the leading men of the church, or the revelation *forbidding the surrender of these men.*"†

We will interrupt the narrative of occurrences within the fort for the present in order to learn what the invading *posse* in the mean time was doing on the outside.

The messengers bearing the proclamation to the recalcitrant Morrisites left camp about seven a. m.; they had less than five miles to traverse and were fortunate in finding the herdboy, whom they hurried on with the demand for surrender, and which was probably in the hands of Banks not later than 8 a. m. Major Egan and party after waiting some time for a reply from the fort, and none having been received, reported the fact

to General Burton. The latter, who had remained inactive on the bluff awaiting developments, was much agitated and disturbed at the prospect of being compelled to use force to accomplish his mission. He sent men down the lane to the vicinity of the fort, at least twice, but they returned without the expected reply. The General then directed Major Lodd, who was in command of the artillery, to fire two shots over the fort. This was at 10 a. m. That it was as late as ten is disputed by some of the Morrisites, who say that the shots were fired within a few minutes after the proclamation was received. This, however, is denied by the entire *posse*, by several members of the sect who were present at the time, and by the statements above quoted from Mr. Stenhouse's work, which show conclusively that considerable time must have elapsed between the receipt of the demand, and the firing of the cannon, since there was time for consultation, for "solemn prayer," to write a revelation, to read it and submit it to the council, to call the people together, to open the meeting with ceremonies, to again read the revelation, and for Mr. Cook to submit the question of submission to the people.

The first shot went far over the fort into the bluff beyond; the gun must have been re-aimed before the second shot, for the projectile struck the plowed ground in front of the settlement and ricocheted striking an old house or corral, where it disappeared from the sight of the *posse*.

This shot, however, was destined to effect serious results. It sped its deadly course into the bowery interrupting the deliberations of the people at the point last mentioned in the extract above quoted. Mr. John Parsons had just read the revelation that not one of the faithful should be destroyed, that not even the hair of their heads should be destroyed in this the hour of His people's triumph; Mr. Richard Cook had just asked the people which should be obeyed, the proclamation demanding obedience to the court, or the revelation forbidding it, when the fatal ball crashed through the brush roof of the bowery.

*This statement is disputed by another eye witness who states that the usual services were rendered.

†Stenhouse's Rocky Mountain Saints, page 597. This account is believed to have been written by Mr. Mark H. Forscutt, then one of the Twelve Apostles of the Morrisite sect, and now a prominent member of the Reorganized Church.

The gentleman quoted continues as follows: "Before the people had a chance to speak, or vote, or do anything at all in the matter, the booming sound of a cannon was heard, and screams from the third seat from the stand in the bowery, and instantly two women were seen dead in the congregation, and the lower jaw, hanging only by a small strip of skin, was shot off a young girl of from twelve to fifteen years of age. It was the fearful and heart-rending screams of this girl that stopped the meeting. The people arose in utter confusion Mr. Cook, still on his feet, suggested to all to go at once to their homes, and each man take care of his own family as best he could. Never was revelation more immediately falsified in the history of the world than then; for scarcely had the promise of absolute safety been made, ere sudden destruction came.

"Men and women, panic-stricken,

rushed hither and thither, some seeking safety in cellars, some in potato-pits—in short, anywhere or in any place in which security could be either reasonably or unreasonably hoped for."

* * * *

"There was not a Morrisite in the fort that was armed, or that thought of arming. They met to consider the question, and to pray over it; for a more enthusiastically religious people never breathed: and while thus assembled, the first salutation they had was a cannon ball in the assembly.

"About an hour and a half after the firing commenced, the Morrisites got their arms, each man determining to defend his own family, if the *posse* came sufficiently near to attack them. From this was effected an organization, and a regular defence was made. But at the time of the attack there was not a man armed."* *Richard W. Young.*

MOORE'S MASTERPIECE.

II.

In a former number we gave an introduction to Moore's "Lalla Rookh." It is not designed, in the few lines which follow, that the reader will be treated to the best part of the pretty poem in question. That the essence of the song may be obtained, a reading is absolutely essential. What has formerly been said was intended should stimulate a desire in those who might not yet have read it, to do so now. That such a desire may be further stimulated, a few points in "Paradise and the Peri" may be profitably pointed out.

In short, the plan of the poem is this. A fairy—Peri—stood at the gates of Para-

dise one morning, weeping to think that her recreant race should have lost their rights in its glories. She listened to the springs of life within, and reasoned that one minute in Heaven is worth all the pleasures of other places multiplied by endless years. Upon beholding her thus weeping, the angel, who kept the gate, drew nearer and listened to her sad song. He encouraged her by saying:

"One hope is thine.

'Tis written in the book of fate,

The Peri yet may be forgiven,

Who brings to this eternal gate

The gift that is most dear to Heaven!

Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin—

'Tis sweet to let the pardoned in."

Having heard these words of encouragement, the Peri came to earth to devote time searching for a gift that should be acceptable to Heaven. She knew the wealth of every corner in all the land, but yet, after having seen jeweled cups of kings, unnumbered rubies, and the high-sparkling elixir of life, cried, that these are not for Alla, for no gem ever sparkled like His throne; and what would the

*The Morrisites rushed to arms not to defend their families but to resist the enforcement of legal process. They acted aggressively, not defensively, and in obedience to the written revelation of their chief, enjoining resistance and promising immunity. While they may not have had their arms with them at the bowery, they were, nevertheless, well provided with arms, and fairly well drilled in tactics, and skilled in the use of their weapons.

"drops of life" avail in the boundless deep of eternity! The incident emphasizes the remarks so often repeated, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

She turns her attention to other things, and while musing, glances over the rivulets of India, and gazes on that land's sandal groves and bowers of spice—its sun-warmed mountains teeming with the wealth of diamonds. But at this moment there is a great battle in the land; war has invaded India, and her diadems lie scattered in his ruinous path. Turning her gaze downward the Peri beholds a youthful warrior standing alone by his native river, crimson with his country's blood. The red blade in his hand is broken, the last arrow is in his quiver. To him the conqueror said:

"Live, to share

The trophies and the crowns I bear."

To this exclamation the young hero answered by sending his remaining arrow to the invader's heart; but the shaft flew false; the tyrant lived, the hero fell. The Peri marked where he lay, and when the rush of war was over, and before his free-born spirit fled, she caught the last drop of his blood, winging her flight with it to Paradise, saying:

"Be this * * * *

My welcome gift at the gates of light.

Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere

A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,

'Tis the libation Liberty draws

From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

There is no denying the truth of this remark, and even the angel at the gate said, as she handed him the gift, that the welcome is sweet to the brave who die for a righteous cause and the liberty of their native land; but notwithstanding this, the crystal bar of Eden did not move, and it was evident that the boon which should open the gates, must, be even more precious than the life-blood of the patriot.

Blighted in her first fond hopes, she set out a second time through Egypt's palmy groves, to the vale of Rosetta, thence to the azure calm of Lake Moeris. The surroundings were most beautiful, and

none would have thought that amid these still and fair scenes the demon of the plague should be raging. But such was the case, and every living thing that was touched by his blast at once fell black and withering, like plants stricken by the simoon. The death and devastation were terrible, from which even the vultures turned away. Gazing on this repulsive sight the Peri, evidently filled with the mistaken notion that Adam's fall was a calamity, exclaimed:

"Poor race of men! * * *

Dearly ye pay for your primal fall—

Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,

But the trail of the serpent is over them all."

Just then, under some orange trees, she heard the moans of a poor man who had stolen thither to die alone. Although he was beloved by many, yet here he was dying, unwept by a single soul; none to speak the last tender farewell before the spirit should depart beyond. One thought, however, gives him joy. It is that she, whom he had known for years, and whom he hoped one day to call his own, was safe in her father's princely halls, safe from the foul, midnight breath that surrounded him. As he was thus thinking, who should advance to seek his melancholy bower, but his betrothed, who had decided rather to die with him than live to gain all the world beside. She throws her arms around him and presses his livid cheeks to hers, then dips her loosened tresses into the cool lake, to bind his burning brow. For her safety he shrank from these attentions, but she plead with him to let her breathe the air that was breathed by him; whether it bore in its wings healing or death, 'twas sweet to her. Her place in life or death was by his side, and she could not live on without him:

"When the stem dies, the leaf that grew

Out of his heart must perish too!"

Her lover dies, she sinks beside him:

"Her lover is no longer living!

One kiss the maiden gives, one last,

Long kiss, which she expires in giving!"

The Peri then bade them sleep on while she wended her way, bearing to heaven the maiden's sigh of pure, self-sacrificing love, smiling as she gave that

offering in. But, alas! her hopes were vain, for the angel again shut from her the glimpse of Eden's glory, with the injunction that the boon, which should open the gates of heaven for her, must be even far holier than this sigh.

The Peri now visits Syria, the land of roses, the grandeur of the towers of Lebanon, and listens to the sounds that greet the ear in holy Palestine, and to the sweet songs of the nightingale in the woods of the flowery vales of Jordan. But all this cannot charm the luckless Peri. She wanders near the temple of Solomon, where she hopes to find some tablet that may direct her to the boon that can restore an erring spirit to the skies.

"When, o'er the Balbec winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they."

Soon she beheld the boy tired with play, nestling amid the roses. Near the child she saw a weary man dismount from his hot steed, and fling himself down to drink from a fountain near by. He turned his haggard brow to the fair child who, notwithstanding, sat fearless by, although seldom has man gazed upon a fiercer face than his. The Peri could read in it dark tales of many a ruthless deed. This man of crime watched the infant's play, and his unclouded, joyous gaze, until his spirit seemed softened. Just then the vesper call to prayer rose sweetly o'er the land from Syria's thousand minarets. The boy started from his bed of flowers and knelt upon the earth, lisping the eternal name of God. Raising heavenward his eyes, he looked like a stray babe from Paradise,

"Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again."

We can surmise the feelings of that wretched man as he beheld this picture! His memory ran over his life-years of guilt and strife, and in all of them he could not find one sunny resting place. Then he broke forth in mild, heart-humbled tones and said:

"There *was* a time, thou blessed child!
When, young and haply pure as thou,
I looked and prayed like thee—but now—"

He hung his head, and at that instant came freshly over him every noble feeling which had slumbered in his heart from boyhood's hour, and he wept—he wept the tears of soul-felt penitence. He knelt beside the child in humble prayer, and heaven's sunbeam shone alike upon the guilty and the guiltless one, while through the place hymns of joy proclaimed the triumph of a soul forgiven.

The sun set, but, while they yet lingered on their knees, a light, brighter than that of sun or star, fell upon the tear that dewed the repentant sinner's cheek. To men, that light might have seemed a meteor or a northern flash, but the Peri well knew that it was a bright smile from the angel at the gate of heaven, a foreshadowing of her reward near at hand. She thought aright, and wended her way to the glory she had won, exclaiming:

"Joy, joy for ever!—my task is done—
The gates are pass'd, and heav'n is won!"

And so we have once again an illustration of the words of Jesus, that "joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance." There is honor in the struggle for liberty, reward for self-sacrificing love, joy and unspeakable glory in turning the sinner to repentance.

Heinrich Bernz.

WORKS ARE NECESSARY.

THE desire that many men have to obtain wealth and distinction without the trouble of hard and continuous effort, is quite a general failing. Certain it is that there are those, and they are not a few,

who want to be educated without the trouble of studying, and who would like to be everything and anything that pleases their fancy, without having to put forth much effort themselves. The steps

that in the natural course of affairs lead to the attainment of their desires are so irksome, that they wish to avoid taking them. There is a nervous restlessness with such people, that makes the observance of the laws which govern success extremely disagreeable to them. They therefore wait and wait for that which never comes. Their lives may be said to be in the true sense of the term failures, for the same principle which governs them in worldly matters, also influences them in spiritual, and they seek salvation in the easy manner that they look for worldly honor and gain.

It is well known, however, that if a man would accomplish anything worthy the commendation of his fellows, he must labor to do it. So clearly is this fact recognized by certain thinkers, that they deem genius to be the ability to work. Whatever genius may be, certain it is that the talents one possesses are developed by earnest, continuous labor. There is a principle of development in man. It is seen in the growth of a child to manhood or to womanhood. It is seen in the mental, moral, and physical natures. Training and culture show their wonderful results. If development occurs in the line of morality and intelligence, we know that the individual has put forth effort in those directions. He has thought and studied, and he has endeavored to bring his passions under control. The tendency to evil can be strengthened or suppressed, and the good, pure and true in one's nature can be developed. It requires effort in self-control, and labor in study. A man might well be considered wanting in good sense, if he taught that a child would have only to believe in order to be good and great. If he taught, however, that belief and works were necessary, there would be some reason to the teaching, for effort properly put forth will develop the intellectual, moral, and physical man.

A similar principle of development is shown in the works of nature. The tree that we admire so much was developed gradually by the processes of nature's wonderful art. Some active principle

has been at work since the seed was placed in the ground. Had the sap ceased to run, the tree would have perished ere it reached its present beauty. The lovely flower that excites our admiration because of its purity, freshness of color, and perfectness of form, was made by some agent of nature actively at work. We know of no perfection but what is reached by the observance of the laws of the Great Creator.

There are laws necessary to the development of the God-like man, which have to be observed by those who wish to gain a place among the righteous in the great hereafter. And these laws cannot be observed without works. Belief alone will not accomplish the object. The idea prevalent among certain popular religious thinkers, that to believe is all that is necessary in order to obtain salvation, is certainly wrong. It does not harmonize with the teachings of nature, and it is not in accordance with the doctrines of the Scriptures. It doubtless pleases that class of people who desire to get something for nothing, and who desire to inherit heaven in the same way; but it is not reasonable. Man can no more expect to develop into a God-like being without it being the result of faith and works, than he could expect a seedling to grow into a beautiful tree, without it being nourished and fed according to the laws of its life. The idea that simple belief without works will save a person in the society of the most intelligent and glorious of beings is a view as far wrong in one direction, as the idea that an unbelieving sinner will go into a never-ending hell of great torment, is wrong in another. The latter view has been discarded by leading theologians in the Protestant school of thought; and now it remains for them to come to reason on the former.

It requires faith and works to attain to anything worthy in this life, and as man is a progressive being, it certainly cannot require less than these to attain to a glorious position in the life to come. The Savior and early apostles inculcated the necessity for faith and works. There could be no live, active faith without works, and there could be no develop-

ment of the noble character of man. The Scriptures tell us that "faith without works is dead." What benefit can a faith which is dead be to any one? A faith, however, which produces works, leads naturally to God, for it is in accordance with His laws that it should. A saying of Jesus is, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." And Paul wrote, "For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified." "For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also."

It is not necessary to quote further to show that something more is needed than to merely believe. Reason tells us that there is. The great Redeemer prepared the way for salvation, but it devolves upon the children of men to walk in it, if they desire the reward of obedience to divine laws. They cannot reasonably expect the blessings, unless they do the works of righteousness. Vain man may imagine that he can get glory in the kingdom of God without any effort on his own part, but the teachings of divine inspiration and of the laws of God manifested in nature are, that faith and works are necessary. The laws and ordinances of the Gospel have to be complied with and hence it behooves every one to learn what they are. Earnest, sincere faith will cause the searcher after truth to desire to do the will of the Father, and by doing the will of the Father he will gain joy in this life, and salvation in the hereafter.—*J. E. Carlisle, in the Millennial Star.*

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

THE late Vice-President was an unexceptionable example of the trite political figure known as a "favorite son"—a phrase which has a stronger meaning in the West than in the East. In the former, public men are more in social touch with the masses, and especially with the better elements of the people, than they are in the latter. The interest in politics and public affairs is more general. Mr. Hendricks possessed traits that rendered him personally popular aside from his official record. He had his ambitions, but cherished no animosities if they were

balked. Conrad Baker, a Republican, who defeated him for the Governorship in 1868, subsequently became his law partner. His acceptance of the second place on the Democratic national ticket in 1884 was attended by a deep disappointment that he did not secure the first place, and not without an unfounded feeling that he was entitled to it. At least three times he came almost within reaching distance of the nomination for the Presidency. In 1868 he stood second on the first ballot, and only three votes behind the leader. In 1876 he again came near the goal; but Tilden won, and he took the Vice-Presidential candidacy. If the highest honor in the gift of the nation was to fall to an Indiana Democrat, no one but Hendricks, for the last twenty-five years of his life, was seriously thought of as the recipient.

Though born in Ohio, his Hoosierism was not to be impugned. He went to Indiana in 1820, when but six months old, grew up there and graduated at South Hanover College in 1841. In 1843 he began the practice of law at Shelbyville, and in 1845 was sent to the Legislature. He was elected to Congress in 1850 and 1852, and in 1851 was a member of the Constitutional Convention. In 1860 he was defeated for Governor by Henry S. Lane. From 1863 to 1869 he was United States Senator, and was Governor from 1872 to 1876.

There was no single act or event of overshadowing importance in the life of Mr. Hendricks that raised him to the marked distinction he enjoyed. He was a man of even abilities, a clear thinker and finished speaker, conservative in temperament, suave in manner, and an eminently prudent leader. His civic virtues were of a high order, and it is to his credit that he died in moderate financial circumstances. He was to the Democracy of his State in his day and generation what his distinguished contemporary, Oliver P. Morton, was to the Republicans; and the fact that his old political opponents as well as his friends assembled to do honor to his memory at the unveiling of his statue, is an eloquent tribute to him as a man and a citizen.

FIAMETTA.

SKETCH FOR A LOVE TALE OF THE SIERRAS.

BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE.

BOOK THE THIRD.—*Beat by the Storm.*

IV.

A CONFESSION.

It was nearly a month after the conversation between Fiametta and Mercy—the conversation, the last part of which overheard by George La Salle, that had brought the truth home to him with such crushing force. The ladies stood at the gateway of the villa. They were dressed in riding habits, for Mrs. Vincent had persuaded her adopted daughter into passing an afternoon on the beach. To this she had been prompted by Mercy, and also in watching zealously over the health of Fiametta, she had grown alarmed at the pale face and listless ways of the poor girl. She hoped the salt sea breeze would put some color into her cheeks, and re-animate her drooping spirits.

It was certainly necessary, for she appeared, with her slight, fragile figure, her white face and big sorrowful eyes, more like a spirit than a creature of flesh and blood; an essence, more than a substance.

She had suffered much during the month that had passed.

We will tell of those days.

George had been sorely wounded. With his truthful and generous nature he had been blinded. Yet a vague something, which he did not wish to grow defined in his thoughts, had begun to haunt him. He dreaded to look ahead, and pride forbade him to look back.

Now the gaunt, horrible truth, like a death's-head stared him in the face.

And his anguish of mind cannot be told.

The revelation had come upon him with a shock, that had at first benumbed his faculties. It was impossible for him at once to fully realize his hurt. When he did so, its realization was accompanied by the gnawing tooth of jealousy.

Not only had peace fled from him, but to take its place there had come a hateful guest: one that in vain he tried to shake from him.

Dark and bitter thoughts were his constant companions.

By supreme efforts he had so far mastered his poignant emotions as not to make a scene. He would conquer them, until a time when, perhaps, it would be better for him to speak.

In the meantime, two more unhappy beings than he and the one whom he had promised Doctor Mason to shield, to love, to cherish, the sun seldom shone upon.

Toward Fiametta he was cold, distant and reserved. Had he obeyed his first impulse, it would have been to have sought his affianced alone, and to have made all thoroughly understood between them. If the terrible words he had heard were true, then it were better that, face to face, they spoke of the future. If he was not loved, then Fiametta should tell him so plainly. If she wished to be free from her vows, so recently made, she must ask it; and he, yes, he would grant it, though it tore his heart by the roots.

But Fiametta had gone to her room, and there she remained until three days had passed away, and then when she did come forth, it was with a face so pale, and with such a look of trouble in her sad, blue eyes, that his anger had fairly melted before it. Then it was that jealousy began to gnaw. Nor could he find a word to say to her.

And so days passed by, and he met her only at intervals, at the table, or when she walked in the garden, perhaps. And, then, she was ever in the company of her cousin Mercy, for she had begged her to remain by her side. She had not strength yet for the interview she knew must come.

Mrs. Vincent looked on in surprise. That something was amiss it was impossible for her not to see. At first she thought it was some slight lovers' quarrel, and, wise woman that she was, forbore to take notice. But when a week had passed, and Fiametta grew more and

more wan, she was seriously troubled. And George's desperate efforts, too, to appear at his ease, what did it mean? Something of more vital importance must have occurred.

Then came the incident of the yacht's arrival. And this event served to relieve somewhat the embarrassed position in which they all found themselves. Mercy's quick eyes saw the yacht as it rounded the headland. She ran to Fiametta with the news, her heart all of a flutter, like the sails of the yacht a few moments later, as they were dropped at the pier in the harbor.

La Salle was trembling with passion, when, a short time after, he was confronted by Wetherill. It had not been made known to him that the yacht was to come, Mr. Vincent thinking thereby to give him a splendid surprise. His first inward question was, has Laurence Morton come? And his blood ran hot in his veins. It was well for both men that Laurence was not there.

And of Fiametta? Her true spirit was awakened when she saw the white sail of the yacht, and Mercy said it was surely that of Mr. Morton. Her hatred of falsehood and sham flashed up within her. She would go to George and acknowledge all before him. There should be an end of deceit. He, to whom she had promised to be a wife, should judge her, and when she had made full confession, then he should reproach her if he chose, and demand of her what he would.

And then she felt brave. What, after all, was it that she had done? Deceived George La Salle, perhaps, but had she not deceived herself more?

So, with a face white and hard as adamant, she went to confess her fault; or if not her fault, why then the injury she had done her lover. Once it was over and she would be as fearless with innocence as before she had been.

He was, as chance willed it, alone in the garden, when Fiametta stood before him. There were both surprise and agitation in his look when he arose from the seat on which he had been sitting. Something in her face told him that a crisis

had arrived. His eyes were fixed upon her with searching glance, as though he would fain read her inmost mind.

Without a moment's delay the girl proceeded with her task. Her words came quick and vehement. Her bosom heaved with humiliated pride. Her lips, her eyes, were dry and burning. Until, when all was said, she threw herself into the seat that had been vacated by George, and bitter, and passionate tears came to her relief, and choking sobs racked her slender frame.

What had she said? George stood there silent, with compressed lips. So this was the end of his dreaming? The night into which the day of his hopes had faded?

That if Laurence Morton was on board of the yacht that had just entered the channel, he must take her away at once. That she knew she merited his reproach and his scorn. That when she had promised to become his wife, she believed she loved him. That still she was ready to redeem her promise; and that she thanked him from the bottom of her heart that he had not upbraided her, then and there, for the words she had uttered in his hearing.

That seemed to be what she had said; but running through it there was a sort of an appeal, not for forgiveness, for could he not see that she was blameless, but that he would not think too hard of her; give her time, and himself, too, ere he would say or do that which would make them desperate. Oh! now that she had confessed, would he not be generous, and, in mercy to his own suffering and hers, wait until they could speak more calmly?

But she would not, she could not, stand in the presence of him and Laurence with the shadow of a falsehood upon her.

Burning words were upon George's tongue. It seemed that they must pour forth with torrent force. But with compressed lips he held them back. What his answer would have been we cannot tell. Had his first impulse prevailed this story might have had a different ending. As it was, his answer was then unsaid.

Mr. Vincent was seeking him. He had

been apprised by Mercy that there was a strange sail in the channel, and guessing whose it was he was in haste to meet his visitors and give them welcome to San Ysedro Villa, his country seat.

Thus it was that the answer was delayed, and that he met Charlie Wetherill when every drop of blood in his veins burned like liquid fire.

We commenced this chapter by telling that the young ladies had prepared themselves for a ride on the beach, but we have lingered so long with other matters, that we will make it the subject of another.

V.

ON THE BEACH.

It was a lovely afternoon, such as are common, however, at the place, and especially in the early summer. The sea flashed and dimpled; the distant islands showed vaguely dim through the amber-white haze, like they were shadows that would pass away. Mrs. Vincent had been wise to send the girls out.

The *Narcissus* yet lay at the pier. In three more days it was to start on its return trip to San Francisco. Laurence's kind offer had not been accepted. La Salle had stated that shortly he must be on his way to New York. Both his host and hostess had heard this statement with wonder, for nothing was said as to whether Fiametta would accompany him or not.

Wetherill was to go with the boat. He had promised Laurence his company on the extended voyage he was soon to make. But he had been exceedingly willing to remain for the two weeks at San Ysedro Villa. He was not going back until he had satisfied a question in his mind.

What it was the reader probably knows. As you surmise, dear friend, Mercy Brownlee alone could answer it.

To be sure Wetherill was in favor of an afternoon upon the beach. At its close he would know his destiny in a certain direction.

George, about an hour before they were ready to start, had gone away, taking the mission path—the one leading up into the Mission Cañon, which loses itself up

among the sandstone crags of the Santa Ynez.

However, he returned, just as the ladies had taken their places in a light vehicle. Evidently he had been absenting himself merely for the sake of solitude. Mr. Vincent motioned him to a seat beside Fiametta, and the mettlesome horses were soon put to their best. Along the Ventura road they sped, sometimes they were close to the sea, where the creamy foam lay among the rocks, and sometimes passing along the grassy hillsides.

They had a delightful afternoon, as far as mere physical enjoyment goes, for certain. And to a casual onlooker they might all have appeared happy. A lonely spot was found in a sheltered nook of the Rincon, where square blocks of stone overhang the shore like a mighty cornice, and there they ate their luncheon. After that they passed the time much as children would under similar circumstances. They gathered bits of moss and weeds from off the sands, and small delicately colored shells cast up by the waves. Now and then a distant sail would pass slowly along the horizon, or a troop of gray-winged gulls would go screaming along the shore.

How well the sea appears to know our every mood and respond to them. How the voice of the waves, like the ticking of the clock, seem to speak in answer to our thoughts, or to shape them into words of rhyme, filled with memories of the past, or whisperings of days in the future.

Mrs. Vincent was still a young woman, yet to her they spoke already somewhat of days gone by—when on another shore, where the Mediterranean lapped its waves upon the sands of Naples' bay, she had been wooed and won for a wife. To Mercy Brownlee they spoke only of the present, and her heart leaped with joy, for to her they sounded as the chiming of innumerable golden bells. To Fiametta they were sad, resonant with sorrow for the past, and fear for the future.

Does the reader think that we have brought him or her to the seashore merely to hear such platitudes? Such was not our purpose.

It was to hear the answer of George, and learn how Wetherill sped in his love question.

The afternoon was nearly ended, the sun spreading a great fan of light upon the channel waters, ere Wetherill found a chance to speak. He was bold, but somehow or other his courage failed him a little at the critical moment. Was he not precipitate? But now or never, he thought. He could not brook delay. And facing, as best he might, those bright, roguish eyes of Mercy's, which, however, were soon hid beneath drooping lids, he dashed at fate.

He must have received a generous answer, for, half an hour later, when they rejoined their friends, Charlie Wetherill beheld all things through the glamor of unbounded happiness. Yes! his suit must have been successful.

And Mercy? Well, she had loved the big, frank, impulsive fellow at first sight. He had been rather sudden. But—yes, she was very, very happy.

How different must have been the scene between those other two—Fiametta and her lover. Is it not indeed a blight upon life when the rosy dream of love is dispelled by a cold, sad morning of disappointment? when that upon which we built the palace of our hopes, thinking it a rock that would endure forever, proves itself to be but quicksand which opens to engulf it? We think so, and that is what love had been to George La Salle. And to the other it had been even more sad. Something that to think upon might bring madness.

George did not answer in wrath. He had prepared himself. He spoke without anger, yet, nevertheless, his words were fervent, passionate. His depth of feeling betrayed itself in his low, trembling voice, in its thrilling tones. He had considered what she had told him. As he was no longer beloved by her, she was free. He would not beg her love—the love that by right was his. If she had bestowed her hand upon him without her affection it was hers again. Not a word that he uttered was said with the purpose of adding more to the already heavy burden she bore. But even his

honest pride could not conceal the depth of the hurt she had given him.

With bowed head, with pale, trembling lips, Fiametta listened. And when he had done, what answer could she make? The fault was hers, nor was there use in masking the face of truth that stood between them.

Nevertheless, the magnanimity, the nobility of her lover, as well as his manly fortitude, touched her to the quick.

It was late when they again took the road, twilight settling gray over the sea. Before San Ysedro Villa was reached, the tops of Santa Ynez were silvered with the light of the moon that was rising behind them.

If there were two hearts that ached, there were, also, two that beat high with joy. Wetherill's inexhaustible fund of humor, Mercy's sallies of wit, were shields that hid for the time being the mental suffering of that other pair.

VI.

THE SOLITARY DWELLING.

"Old age must tell its tales."

There stands, or rather there did stand a number of years ago, a solitary dwelling at the north end of the Rincon. It faced the channel, was altogether a very primitive kind of an affair, evidently the home of a recluse of some description. Its low, thick walls were built of big, flat stones taken from the cliff on which they stood. The roof was of earth, weed-grown. The chimney, starting from the ground, was half as big as the hut itself.

At certain times of the year there were a few garden vegetables in a cultivated plot near by, and a net for fishing might sometimes be seen drying on the turf. Between the hut and the mountain's feet, to the east, was a marshy spot made by a stream that came down from the summits to lose its waters in the channel. Tall, white herons kept sentry there all day long, or flitted on their broad wings across the rushes, like ghosts, in the morning or evening twilights. On the stack rocks by the shore, the great sea-loons stood motionless, hour after hour, seeming to keep, with their glassy, suspicious eyes, persistent watch on the place.

People going by considered the hut sinister appearing. Certainly, it was singularly desolate, occurring, as it did, between two pieces of bright coast landscape.

The occupant of the lonely dwelling, however, was merely a quiet old man, one that had become tired of the world and its turmoil. He was desirous of seclusion and peace—a dreamer, somewhat, and consequently the world looked upon him and his home with distrust.

An hour, passed by La Salle and Wetherill in the company of this old recluse, plays an important part in our story, so it will be necessary to write of him more in detail.

His life had been one of varying fortunes; of ups and downs, if we may so express ourselves. He had once been wealthy as now he was poor. His sudden changes in fortune was the experience of many, during the early days on the coast.

When the gold fever had broken out in 1849, he was on, what was then, the western frontier. Soon after he had joined an emigrant company and crossed the plains, and the Sierras, to the diggings. There he reached, after many adventures, part of which will be sketched at the end of this chapter, and amassed considerable wealth in the much coveted dust. Afterwards he lost all of this through the treachery of a companion, and again took to the diggings, this time on the banks of the American River.

Again he was successful, and then went to San Francisco a rich man; but as fortune does not bring wisdom, he soon after found himself in the hands of an unscrupulous mistress, and his hard-earned gold slipped away like water through his fingers. When it was gone his fickle companion went also, and through force of circumstances, as many another has done, he became a philosopher in a small way. He abjured the society of women, and, remembering his first loss, did not trust men. Neither time had his wealth brought him happiness, so he determined to remain poor. Therefore, although the miner's fever is hard to resist, seizing more readily upon those who before have been its victims, he had built himself the

hut we have described, and there he intended to end his days.

The men had met the old recluse the day after the release and the betrothal we have told in the preceding chapter.

The mind of George was filled with untold bitterness. None the less so because he gave no outward sign. It was not because he lacked for spirit that he had apparently yielded up his claim so readily. Had it been a struggle—a race for Fiametta's hand—he would have pressed on with fire enough. Then a rival would have found him a strong opponent—a worthy foe. But as the accepted lover it was far different. Then all his pride exclaimed out against a pleading. Had Fiametta been already his wife then he could have spoken, but as it was, what could he do, but stand aside and wait?

Only if she, unsolicited, could recall her words and learn that her heart was wholly hers to give—could he say one word that would plead in his behalf.

We may press on in the race to win the prize, but once it is promised ours—the race ended, it is not for us to struggle to retain the awarded prize.

There had been seen, for about a week past, a huge vulture, or as it is sometimes called, a California condor, soaring above the tops of the Santa Ynez. That bird was not as scarce in the country then as it is at the present time; but yet it was, even at that period, considered quite a feat to bring one down. George, an acknowledged huntsman, fleeing from the pain the sight of Fiametta's pale face gave him, made the quest of the bird an excuse for a day on the crags. Wetherill accompanied him. It was on their return that they stopped at the hut.

Coming slowly down the trail they had met the old man cutting brushwood on the hillside, and being somewhat weary, had stopped and chatted with him until he had made up his load. With the garb of old age, and pleased with a pair of young listeners, the recluse had passed from one subject of conversation to another, until by the time that they had reached the hut door, he had begun to talk of his experiences in the early days

of the state. In the shade of the hut he recalled some of the incidents we have been lately telling. They were not unwilling listeners, for the old man told his tales of adventure and hardships in a way that might have interested those with less companionable natures.

"It is strange," the old man went on to say, speaking to George, "how your face brings back these memories. When I saw you coming down the trail I thought of one that I knew in days long past, at the beginning of my western life.

"I shall never forget it—the ending of our companionship; and often I wonder if he be alive now or dead. And his young wife too, I saw her fall as the red devils cut us off; but I am speaking so that you do not understand.

"It was what happened to me when I crossed the plains the first time. And I don't think there were many that had a wilder experience.

"Perhaps you might like to hear it?

"Well, as I said, it was during my first crossing of the plains. I joined the emigrant party at the Missouri River, where I had but a short time before settled down, but quickly grown tired of a life of hardships which promised but little reward. It was quite a large company, one of the largest up to that time, and there were several women among them, a fact worth noting, as before that the companies were entirely of men. Women had to be brave to face that long, tiring journey, between the river and the coast.

"We got along finely enough until we reached the Black Hills. The company was made up of rather well-to-do persons and there were more comforts than was usually found in emigrant companies. They were the true pioneers really seeking to establish new homes, though there were a few, of course, like myself, attracted by adventure and the gold diggings.

"There was a young married couple, and they had a little babe. Why they had chosen to leave the ease and refinements of the Eastern States for a home where all must be new and strange to them, was always a puzzle to me; but

we can't always find a reason for the things we do.

"The young woman was a beauty. She was the admiration of the company, and every one loved her. She could have commanded them all; for though she was like a queen, with her black hair and eyes, she was gentle and considerate to every one, winning their affection by kind deeds or words, when they might be ill, or grown despondent, or home-sick.

"You have heard of the Sioux Indians and what trouble they gave in those days? They were a menace to the safe passing of every company. We considered ourselves too strong for them, and therefore were not quite as vigilant as we ought to have been.

"We were attacked one evening, just as we had made our camp. The place should have warned us for it was a regular trap; a sort of pass with a grove of cottonwood trees at one end, and out of this grove the Indians dashed. We were taken completely by surprise, and only the arrival of a body of troops, on their return from a sortie from Fort Laramie, prevented it from being a massacre complete.

"We were among those saved from the massacre; or rather among those that escaped from it. At the time, we thought we were the only ones that did so; but afterwards we learned that about a score had been saved and that they had, later on, joined another west-bound train and proceeded upon their way.

"It was he that looked so much like yourself with whom I escaped. We had driven the cattle down to the banks of the stream—the Sweetwater—and thus when the attack was made was cut off from the camp. We made desperate efforts to regain the corral, fighting like lions, but it was of no use; we both saw the young wife and mother struck down by an arrow and we heard her death-shriek as she fell. George seemed dazed then, and soon after, both of us, sorely wounded (this scar here across my forehead, came from one of mine) were overpowered and made prisoners! We were intended for the torture, but thank Heaven we contrived to escape.

"Go on," said George, "go on."

"Well, it was on the fourth day after our capture that we did. You see the Indians had got wind of the approaching soldiers, when they quitted the fight, taking us with them. That is why we did not know of those others being saved at the time. They made for a stronghold up in the hills, where it was useless for the soldiers attempting to follow them. There was no chance whatever of our being rescued.

"I thought it was all over with us.

"However, it turned out differently. We were to foil them at last, and this was how the chance came about.

"We were nearing the camp ground, and there was a deep, swift river to ford. We were disposed of as the Sioux Indians generally dispose of their captives on the march, that is, we were made fast, each of us, to a pony, and to these ponies there was a lariat both to the rider in front and to him behind, for, of course, we went in Indian file. Our wrists were tied, but in secret I had been working all day to stretch the thongs of deerskin which bound mine, and I had succeeded so far, that by a strong effort I knew I could jerk my hands loose. This was what saved us when the right moment came.

"It was toward dark and this was in our favor.

"My companion was in advance of me. When my pony stepped into the water his was almost across. His lost its footing and in an instant was caught in the strong current. I saw it turn over twice with its rider (for, with the sudden pull, it was torn loose) and then both were swept down the stream; but the pony got its head then and commenced to swim bravely. A thought came to me like a flash; with an awful jerk I loosed my hands and felt free. In the excitement of the time my pony had got close to the one before it. Its rider had a great knife in his belt. I seized it and drove, with one lunge, the blade into his side. He fell with a groan, and in another moment I had cut the lariat both of the Indian in front and behind me. Then I turned the head of my pony down stream, and with a prick of the knife point made him

plunge forward. All in less than a minute, and we, also, were being whirled down the stream.

"There was a fierce yell from the Indians, but they dared not follow. Mine had been a desperate dash for life.

"And it was successful!

"My companion's pony had gained a foothold on a bar of sand and there it stood. Mine struggled for the same spot, he reached it in safety, and for a moment or two we were all secure.

"But only for a moment or two, for we would be pursued. Luckily the banks of the river were all rocky and broken where we had passed, and we had landed on the safer side. The Indians would have to make a long circuit to reach where we stood.

"But, not to tire you out, we escaped. Under cover of the night we got out of their reach. And very thankful I was myself, though my companion did not seem to care so much. It was full three weeks afterwards that we made the fort again, for we got lost among the hills, and were well nigh recaptured more than once.

"At the fort we learned what I have already told—that others of the train were saved, and that they had joined with another party and proceeded on their way. And also that those who were slain had been buried side by side near the place of the fight, beneath the cottonwood trees.

"A mother and child, they said, had been laid away in one grave—the mother a handsome woman, with long, black hair, and pierced through the heart with an arrow. We knew who that was and the child, too. But I afterwards learned that that was a mistake; the child was that of another woman. But my poor companion was led to believe that the dead child was his.

"I went with him to where the graves were, but there was no telling one from another. Then we went back to the frontier, for there were no other trains that year. Then we became separated, and next year I started across the plains again.

"And that, gentlemen, was the begin-

ning of the ups and downs of my life here on the coast."

"And," said George, his face pale with excitement, "can you remember the name of your companion?"

"His name," repeated the old man, musing a moment, "was George LaSalle."

"And," exclaimed Wetherill, who was quite as excited as George, "that babe whom they thought to be dead could have been no other than he, my friend, who is now called Laurence Morton."

(To be continued.)

ORIGIN AND MISSION OF THE Y. M. M. I. A.*

In responding to the sentiment "The Origin, Mission and Object of the Y. M. M. I. A.," I will state that the origin can very readily be traced to President Brigham Young, who, as the humble instrument in the hands of God, first inaugurated this work in the summer of 1875, by appointing Elder Junius F. Wells to take the initiative in organizing these associations throughout the various Stakes of the Territory. Accordingly, on the tenth of June, 1875, a public meeting was called in the Thirteenth Ward Assembly Rooms, in this city, on which occasion the necessity for organizing these associations for the mutual improvement of young men and women, was clearly set forth. And this was received with such favor that the organization of such a society was at once effected. Brother Henry A. Woolley was appointed president, Brothers B. Morris Young and Heber J. Grant, counselors, and Hyrum H. Goddard, secretary. The enrollment of members followed, and the first Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association was declared organized.

There had been, however, prior to this time mutual improvement societies, debating societies, etc., in existence, in this city and throughout the territory, almost, I might say, from the time these valleys were first settled. But not until this time did the organization of such societies become specially ordered under the general direction of the President of the Church.

Soon after this first organization, Brother Wells went to several other wards in the city and organized associa-

tions there, and visited Brigham City and St. George, organizing associations wherever practicable.

It may be said that the establishment of these societies had only fairly begun when Brother Wells was called on a mission to the Western States, and left on this mission in the month of November, 1875. President Young soon afterwards appointed Elders John Henry Smith, M. H. Hardy and B. Morris Young to continue the labors of organization; and from the extent of the travel of these brethren, and from the diligence with which they labored, I am fully of the opinion that they are well deserving of the title of pioneers in the interests of mutual improvement.

This great and grand work continued, and a nucleus was created from that time forth; and by the close of the year 1876 we find that about one hundred associations had been organized.

In the spring of 1876, the first Central Committee was organized in this city, and it was about that time that the first Young Men's Conference was held.

Passing along to the spring of 1879, we find that the societies had increased so rapidly that they numbered two hundred and thirty, with a membership of over nine thousand. In 1878 stake organizations were effected, and in April, 1880, the General Superintendency was appointed.

From that time to this the associations have continued their great reformatory work among the young. This brief outline of the origin of these associations will suffice for the present occasion. Concerning the object and the mission of the

*Sentiment by Josiah Burrows, delivered at the Y. M. M. I. A. Conference, June 1, 1890.

Mutual Improvement Associations, President Young gave us the keynote in his remarks wherein he said, "It is mutual improvement for the youth of Zion, the establishment of individual testimony of the truth and of the magnitude of the great latter-day work; the development of the influence within them that has been conferred upon them by the laying on of the hands of the servants of God; the cultivation of that knowledge and the application of the principles of the great science of life."

We may understand its mission and object to be the accomplishment of the greatest amount of good to the greatest number; to effect the reformation deemed necessary among the youth of Zion, and the imparting of such instruction as will fit and qualify them for positions of responsibility in the Church and Kingdom of God upon the earth. Its object is to educate the youth of Zion in the ways of God, and to inspire within their hearts that confidence and that faith that has been exemplified by their parents during the Church's history. The results of the organization of these associations are too apparent to need much comment from me. That they have been beneficial and have created a noble influence among the

young can be testified to by thousands of the Latter-day Saints; that they have been beneficial in the spread of the work of God among the nations can be attested to by hundreds of young men who have been abroad proclaiming the Gospel. And I can truly state that the degree of confidence and faith in the work of God that has been given to me in these associations, I have certainly felt the benefit of in going abroad.

And to-day, on what may fittingly be termed the fifteenth anniversary of the establishment of these associations, we number about fifteen thousand members. The benefits and blessings flowing to the young have not only been felt in our territory, but also in Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Nevada and Idaho, and the organizations have now become a factor and an influence among this people, to those who are engaged in the great work.

It is a great and a noble work, and I feel in conclusion to pray that God will bless His servants who are interested in this labor, that it may go forth and fulfill its mission in righteousness, the greatest and grandest that has been revealed to mortal man.

Josiah Burrows.

MORONI.

A SKETCH OF THE NEPHITE REPUBLIC.

It was in the commencement of the thirtieth year of the republic that Moroni received the epistle of Helaman, giving the account of the war in the south-west. His heart was made glad with the successes that had been won by the faithfulness of Helaman and his army; but he trembled for his safety, since there was such a disproportion between his forces and the amount of territory he had to guard, and the cities he had to maintain. The tardiness of the government in sending men and supplies, as reported by Helaman, was also a source of anxiety to him. He began to have misgivings as to the integrity of the officials at the head of the government;

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but all he could see his way to do at the time was to send the chief judge an epistle, urging him to send troops and supplies to Helaman, that the valiant labor he and his army had performed might not be in vain, by reason of those cities he had taken falling again into the hands of the enemy.

Having thus provided, as he supposed, for reinforcements to be sent to Helaman, he turned his attention to plans for the expulsion of the enemy from the east. Ere he could go against them, however, news came to him that the city Nephi had been taken by the forces of Ammoron—news which was soon confirmed by fugitive Nephites from that city. This

circumstance further increased his anxiety in relation to the state of affairs at the head of government, as he was under the impression that the authorities had sent a sufficient force of men to maintain the city, and, therefore, had no particular anxiety respecting it. But the government had failed to send the men; because of their neglect an important city had fallen an easy prey to the enemy, who, flushed with success, was massing his forces in that quarter and menacing Moroni's army with destruction—so great was their number.

This was a dark day for the commander-in-chief, and for his chief lieutenants, for they shared his anxieties; and they began to fear—because of the wickedness of the people—that they would fall into the hands of their enemies. These anxieties soon turned to anger in the breast of Moroni. His soul was vexed beyond measure at the indifference of the government to the freedom of the country, and in his anger he wrote a stinging epistle to Pahoran, the chief judge, and to all those who had been chosen by the people to manage and govern the affairs of the war. He reminded them that they had been appointed to gather together men and arm them, and to send them wherever they might be needed to beat back the invader. He then referred to the exertions and sufferings of his own and Helaman's armies, and the thousands that had been slain, and did not hesitate to tell them that the blood of these thousands would come upon their heads for vengeance. He demanded to know the reason of their neglect, of their thoughtlessness. "Can you think," said he, "to sit upon your thrones in a state of thoughtless stupor, while your enemies are spreading the work of death around you? Yea, while they are murdering thousands of your brethren? * * * * Could ye suppose that ye could sit upon your thrones and because of the exceeding goodness of God, ye could do nothing, and He would deliver you? Behold, if ye have supposed this, ye have supposed in vain. * * * * Or do ye suppose that the Lord will still deliver us while we sit upon our thrones, and do

not make use of means which the Lord has provided for us?"

I have several times in these chapters spoken of the implicit faith of Moroni; the above quotation shows also that he was one who coupled works with his faith. It was that fact which made his faith so perfect. He evidently believed the doctrine that God helps those who help themselves: that

Who would be free,

Themselves must strike the blow.

But to return to this epistle. Moroni suspected that the king-men—the Monarchist party—were in some way connected with the neglect of the government, and attributed the calamities which had happened during the war to that party; for had it not been for the divisions they created, and the civil war their conduct provoked, the Nephites with united forces could easily have driven back the invaders of their country. "But why should I say much concerning this matter," said Moroni to the authorities, "for we know not but what ye yourselves are seeking for authority? We know not but what ye are traitors to your country. Or is it because ye are in the heart of our country, and ye are surrounded by security?" But whatever might be the cause of their failure to supply soldiers and provisions to carry on the struggle for liberty, he told them except they repented and became active in the cause of freedom—"Behold," said he, "it will be expedient that we contend no more with the Lamanites until we have first cleansed our inward vessel; yea, even the great head of our government." There was no mistaking his language; but if anything was needed to add emphasis to it, surely this direct threat to the government gives it:—

"Except ye grant mine epistle, and come out and show unto me a true spirit of freedom, and strive to strengthen and fortify our armies, and grant unto them food for their support, behold I will leave a part of my freemen to maintain this part of our land; and I will leave the strength and blessings of God upon them, that none other power can operate against them—and this because of their exceed-

ing faith and their patience in their tribulations—and I will come unto you, and if there be any among you that have a desire for freedom, yea, if there be even a spark of freedom remaining, behold I will stir up insurrections among you, even until those who have desires to usurp power and authority will have become extinct. * * * The time is now at hand, that except ye do bestir yourselves in the defense of your country, and your little ones, the sword of justice doth hang over you; yea, and it shall fall upon you and visit you even to your utter destruction.”

He agreed to wait for a season, to give them time to send him men and supplies, but repeated, that if they were not forthcoming in reasonable time, he would be upon them. The closing sentences of this remarkable communication are:—“Behold, I am Moroni, your chief captain. I seek not for power, but to pull it down. I seek not for the honor of the world, but for the glory of my God, and the freedom and welfare of my country.”

It turned out that Moroni was right in his suspicions respecting the Monarchist party being the cause of the failure of the government to support the army; for in an epistle from the chief judge, Pahoran, received in reply to his, he learned that the Monarchists, taking advantage of the troublous times and the absence of so many of the freemen in the army, had risen in rebellion against the government, driven Pahoran from Zarahemla and crowned one Pachus king. Nor was this the worst: these Monarchists had held communication with the enemy, with Ammoron, and had entered into an alliance with him to betray their country, and deliver it into his hands provided—Oh, what a price—provided Pachus should be made king over the Nephites, when that people should have been subdued. That is, the Nephite republic was to be degraded to a subordinate monarchy—tributary to the Lamanite kingdom—with the traitor Pachus for king!

Pahoran, when compelled to leave Zarahemla, raised his standard at the

city of Gideon, and there the freemen were gathering to him on the receipt of Moroni's epistle. Under the circumstances existing when it was received, it is scarcely necessary to say that its severity, its censure, and its threats gave no offense to Pahoran; rather did it make him glad. It had been a question in his mind whether it would be proper for him to take up arms against the Monarchists and suppress by such violent methods their rebellion. But Moroni's statement—or shall I say the dictators revelation, for through him the word of the Lord came, and throughout this whole business Moroni seems to possess superior authority to Pahoran—Moroni's “Behold the Lord saith unto me, if those whom ye have appointed your governors do not repent of their sins and iniquities, ye shall go up to battle against them”—decided the question for him; and he sent word for Moroni to come to him with such assistance as he could bring with him or raise en route. He suggested the leaving of Lehi and Teancum in command of the army of the east, with authority to carry on the war during his absence. “In your epistle,” said the chief judge, “you have censured me, but it mattereth not, I am not angry, but do rejoice in the greatness of your heart. I, Pahoran, do not seek for power save only to retain my judgment seat, that I may preserve the rights and liberty of my people. My soul standeth fast in that liberty, in the which God hath made us free. * * * And we will go speedily against those dissenters in the strength of our God, according to the faith which is in us.”

No sooner did Moroni learn the true state of affairs than he hastened to correct them. To place Lehi and Teancum in charge of the eastern army and give them instructions how to conduct the pending campaign was the work of but a short time; then taking a few followers he started on his way to join Pahoran. Everywhere he raised the standard of liberty and everywhere men flocked to the constantly increasing forces of the patriot, until as he approached Gideon,

they began to swell to the proportions of an army.

He united his forces to those of the chief judge, and then together they started for Zarahemla. The rebellion, however, was not suppressed without the shedding of blood. Pachus, the would-be king, gathered his forces and gave battle to the patriot army at Zarahemla; but victory perched on the banners of Moroni, and the Monarchists were again defeated. Pachus was slain in the battle; and those of his party who survived the battle were tried for treason, and those of them who refused to take up arms in the defence of their country but would fight against it, were executed. At this time also those Monarchists who had been cast into prison at the beginning of the war, to await a more convenient time for their trial, for rebellion—were tried and executed.

"It became expedient," says the Nephite historian, "that this law [doubtless the law against treason] should be strictly observed for the safety of their country; yea, and whosoever was found denying their freedom, was speedily executed according to the law." It may be thought at first sight that this latter clause gives evidence of the existence of a very cruel law, and one that was an infringement on liberty itself. Executed for denying their freedom! Is not a man at liberty to deny his freedom if he so elects? In the Nephite republic, in times of war and rebellion at least, he possessed no such liberty; and it is doubtful if he did at any time. Treating of this matter in a general way, in his excellent work on liberty, John Stewart Mill says, in speaking of one selling himself, or allowing himself to be sold as a slave—"An engagement by which a person should sell himself or allow himself to be sold as a slave would be null and void; [in a free country] neither enforced by law nor by opinion. * * * The reason for not interfering, unless for the sake of others, with a person's voluntary acts, is consideration for his liberty. His voluntary choice is evidence that what he chooses is desirable, or at least endurable to him, and his good is on the whole best

provided for by allowing him to take his own means of pursuing it. But by selling himself for a slave, he abdicates his liberty; he foregoes any future use of it beyond that single act. He therefore defeats, in his own case, the very purpose which is the justification of allowing him to dispose of himself—he is no longer free." He then adds these remarks, in which I heartily concur: "The principle of freedom cannot require that he should be free not to be free. It is not freedom, to be allowed to alienate his freedom."

If this view of liberty be taken, the law in the Nephite Republic, which forbade men denying their freedom, was not harsh or destructive of liberty, though the penalty of death may seem severe. But this occurred in a time of war, and may not have been the penalty in a normal state of affairs. Most likely by the Nephite constitution,* as in our own, slavery was made an impossible condition.† And if one sold himself as a slave such a contract was void, it could not be enforced. Under the circumstances in which the Nephites were then placed, too, for a man to abdicate his liberty was a species of treason, and as such, in that time of war, merited the severest punishment.

No sooner had this treasonable insurrection in Zarahemla been suppressed than the commander-in-chief's thoughts turned to the armies on the frontier. He mustered into service twelve thousand men, six thousand of whom with provisions and arms he sent to strengthen Lehi and Teancum; and the remainder, in like manner equipped, he sent to the support of Helaman. *B. H. Roberts.*

*In referring to the Nephite constitution I would not be understood as referring to a written document, such as the Constitution of the United States, but to those laws and customs which obtained among the Nephites, and which taken collectively formed their constitution.

†"Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or in any place subject to their jurisdiction."—XIII. Amendment U. S. Constitution.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD.

BY PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG.

I HAVE it upon my mind to impress on the Latter-day Saints one particular item of our faith, and that is, to take a course to possess the Spirit of the Lord. According to your experience and mine you cannot understand the things of God but by the Spirit of God. If we were to examine the character of the Jews in the days of the Savior, we would learn this one fact—that the people at that time were about as destitute of the Spirit of the Lord as any nation ever need be. In our day it seems that the Spirit will actually prompt people to liberal thinking, to liberal actions, and to liberal government, and not to be as suppressive as they were in the days of the Jewish nation and other nations that then bore rule; although in Christendom there have been times when governments have been oppressive, and the people were obliged to think as they were told, and when the doctrines they believed in must be according to the precepts and teachings of priests; but the present age is more liberal. The time has come when the Lord is commencing to pour out His Spirit upon the people. According to the words of the Prophet the time is to come when the Spirit of the Lord shall be poured out upon all flesh. He says, “Your sons and your daughters shall prophecy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions, and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit.” This appears to be the commencement, and I am very thankful for it. Still, according to the experience of those who examine themselves, and the operations of the different spirits upon themselves, we learn that the power of evil is very great, and we are more given to it than to possess the Spirit of Christ. Yet the Spirit of the Lord enlightens every man that comes into the world. There is no one that lives upon the earth but what is, more or less, enlightened by the Spirit of the Lord Jesus. It is said of Him that He is the light of the world. He lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and every person,

at times, has the light of the Spirit of truth upon him.

When we look at the conduct of the Jews and of the Romans in Jerusalem, and other nations around, among whom Jesus traveled, we find that it was very little influenced by those mighty miracles that we think, talk and preach so much about. I mean the Christian world. They cry to their hearers, “Look at the Savior, look at his acts, behold his doings! What miracles he wrought! How he suffered for us,” and so on. What did the Jews or Romans care about all this? Did they believe in him? It appears not, but very few of them. And, it was the same among the multitudes who followed him; although He fed them, and they saw His miracles, yet they understood nothing of the power by which His mighty works were accomplished. It was just so with the young man who was born blind, whom the Savior healed. “Who opened your eyes,” said the Scribes and Pharisees. “Why, this man who is going about preaching, who says he is the Savior, the Son of God—the King of the Jews.” The priests replied: “That is nonsense; you do not pretend to say that this man opened your eyes!” “Well, all I know about it is, that he spat on the ground and made a little mortar from the clay and anointed my eyes, and before that I was blind, but now I see.” “Well, do not believe on him, he is an impostor, he is deceiving the people;” and when we examine and understand the facts in relation to this personage whom we call the Savior of the world, there were not, strange to say, as many persons believed on Him as have believed on Joseph Smith in the latter days. Not that Joseph was the Savior, but he was a prophet. As he said once, when some one asked him, “Are you the Savior?” “No, but I can tell you what I am—I am His brother.” So we can say. But Joseph was a prophet; and so we testify, declaring that we know it. But how, in the world, do you know it. Because somebody has made clay and anointed your eyes? No. The young man did

not know the real character of the personage by whom his eyes were opened, nor he never would know unless the Holy Ghost—the Spirit of revelation—rested upon him to such a degree as to manifest to him that Jesus was the Christ.

This is a matter that we should well consider. Jesus fed the multitudes miraculously; he walked on the water, healed the sick, gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and raised the dead to life, but what of all this? Did it prove that He was the Christ? Do you know that Joseph Smith was a prophet? Yes. How do you know it? Why, father and mother says it is so; Elder such-a-one says it is so, and I believe it. They prove their doctrine by the Bible, and I am forced to believe the Bible through the traditions of the fathers; and these Elders establish the truth of their doctrines beyond all controversy from the Scripture, and I cannot deny it, hence I believe Mormonism, or the Gospel.

Now, the question is, how much good will it do me to believe the Gospel on the evidence of others, without possessing the spirit of the Gospel? This is a question that I can answer very readily. There is no man or woman on the earth that will live according to the laws of God, but will possess the Spirit of God. This answers the question. And this is what I wish to urge upon you—live so that you can discern between truth and error, between light and darkness, between the things of God and those not of God, for by the revelations of the Lord, and these alone, can you and I understand the things of God. When Jesus preached to the people they were destitute of the Spirit of truth, and if they believed His teachings for the moment, as soon as they went away the Spirit left them, and they were again in the dark, and they did not become the disciples of Jesus. So it is now. How are you going to know about the will and commands of heaven? By the Spirit of revelation; that is the only way you can know. Live so that you will know the moment the Spirit of the Almighty is grieved within you. Do you ever see such times? I do. Do you see people apostatize? Yes. Will more go?

Yes, many more. It is a day of trial—a day wherein the Lord will try the hearts of the children of men; and He is taking a course now with individuals and with nations, to make them exhibit the very centre of their hearts, as governments, as nations, as cities, as heads of families, and as individuals, that He may reveal the secrets thereof, that they may be known to each other. Consequently you can see the necessity of every person living so as to have the Spirit of revelation.

I do not acknowledge that I ever received persecution; my path has been so kind from the Lord I do not consider that I have suffered enough even to mention it. But when the words of Governor Lilburn W. Boggs were read by General Clark, with regard to our leaving the state or renouncing our religion, I sat close by him, although I was the very particular one they wanted to get and were enquiring for; but, as kind Providence would have it, they could not tell whether it was Brigham Young they were looking at or somebody else. No matter how this was done, they could not tell. But, standing close by General Clark, I heard him say, "You are the best and most orderly people in this state, and have done more to improve it in three years than we have in fifteen. You have showed us how to improve, how to raise fruit and wheat, how to make gardens, orchards, and so on; and on these accounts we want you; but we have this to say to you, no more bishops, no more high councils, and as for your Prophet," and he pointed down to where Joseph lay, right in the midst of the camp, "you will never see him again." Said I to myself, "May be so and may be not; but I do not believe a word of it." And, continued he, "disperse and become as we are." Do you want I should tell you what I thought? I do not think I will. Renounce my religion? "No, sir," said I, "it is my all, all I have on this earth. What is this world worth as it is now? Nothing. It is like a morning shadow; it is like the dew before the sun, like the grass before the scythe, or the flower before the pinching frosts of autumn.

No, sir, I do not renounce my religion. I am looking beyond; my hope is beyond this vale of tears, and beyond the present life. I have another life to live and it is eternal. The organization and intelligence God has given me are not to perish in nonentity; I have to live, and I calculate to take such a course that my life hereafter will be in a higher state of existence than the present."

How do we know that Jesus is the Christ? By the revelations of the Spirit of God. How do we know the Bible is true? By revelation. How do we know that prophets wrote the word of the Lord? By revelation. How do we know that Joseph Smith was called of God to establish His kingdom upon the earth? By revelation. How do we know that the leaders of this people teach the truth? By revelation. "For, for this cause was the Gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the Spirit." First Peter, 4th chapter, 6th verse.

What does that mean? Not only in the world, but out of the world, they who expect to receive any salvation at all must hearken to the requirements of heaven, thus far, to entitle them to the Spirit of the Lord Jesus, that they may live by the revelations thereof, and walk no more in darkness, but in the light of life. I do wish that each and every one of us would do that. Are we able to do it? Certainly. It is the simplest thing in the world. Well, then, just believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. "Oh," say the Christians, "we do believe." Well, then, come forward, and be baptized for the remission of your sins, and receive the

laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, then you shall receive the witness, and you shall be the possessor of the Spirit of revelation, according to the gifts and graces of God, as He dispenses them to you—speaking in tongues, interpreting the same, prophesying, dreaming dreams, and so forth, for all these are by the self-same Spirit, which is the Spirit of Christ.

If we will live so that Christ can make us one through our obedience, where are wars and contentions? All will cease. Where is the spirit of bickering? There will be no more of it. How much pleasanter it would look, and how much better it would be for the world if these things were to cease! Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, obey His doctrine, cease your warring and contention, beat your swords into ploughshares, and your spears into pruning hooks; make railroads, build colleges, teach the children, give them the learning of the world and the things of God; elevate their minds, that they may not only understand the earth we walk upon, but the air we breathe, the water we drink, and all the elements pertaining to the earth; and then search other worlds, and become acquainted with the planetary system, the dwellings of the angels and the heavenly beings, that they may ultimately be prepared for a higher state of being, and finally be associated with them. I wish we would do it; I pray the Lord to do it, but He will not, unless we help Him.

The click of type hath more of might
Than fortress grim or castle wall;
And it can batter towers to dust
That laugh at siege and cannon ball.

THE BETTER EXAMPLE.*

THEOLOGY is the science of life. The development of the intellect alone is insufficient. The training of the head without the cultivation of the heart is

*Remarks by Apostle Moses Thatcher at the Conference of the Y. M. M. I. A. June 1st, 1890.

dangerous. We have intellectual giants who are ill-developed morally.

The history of the past and the observations of the present would indicate that there are not many primal motives that inspire the actions of men. Promi-

nent among those that exist are humility, which leads to godliness, and pride and ambition, which leads to unrighteousness. With parents it is the main chance in life that inspires them to educate their children. It is the desire that the children may gain fame and the glory of the world. In the past, the garlands have been made for those who have killed rather than for those who have saved. When the plan of human redemption was being considered, the dividing line between humility and pride was distinctly drawn. Jesus offered to perform the work and give God the glory. Lucifer sought to take the honor of the father and to destroy the free agency of man. The offer of the first was accepted, and from that incident the warfare in heaven began. This warfare has continued on this earth. Cain and Abel exemplified these two powers, and Satan prompted Cain to take his brother's life.

There are numerous instances in the history of man that indicate the continuance of the warfare. In the various religious persecutions we find the workings of the power of darkness. They were also exhibited in the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum, and in the oppression of the Saints in this age. Men seek wealth and power that others may be subservient to them. Even among the Saints this spirit frequently finds a place. But what should inspire us? The example of Jesus of Nazareth and His disciples. Take for instance Napoleon, and see what glory the writers of the age have gathered around that cyclone of destruction. In our own nation also we have plaited crowns for those who have destroyed. In the case of Napoleon, see how, without the trembling of a nerve, he hurled his regiments to destruction. But at what a fearful cost did he achieve his victories! When this was called to his attention he remarked, "You cannot make an omelet without breaking a few eggs." When at last he came to Waterloo, there was on him the burden of the many he had sacrificed all for his personal ambition, and his spirit was burdened down. Is this an example that can be followed by the youth of Zion? It cannot be.

Take another instance, that of the meek and lowly Jesus, born in a manger. He who had left the glory of His Father's throne to become the least among men. Did he come to answer the ambition of the Jewish nation? No. He came not as a Cæsar, to destroy men, but he came to save. He healed the sick, and brought joy to the mourner. Alone he fought the fearful battle in the garden of Gethsemane. He was found guilty of an offense of which he was innocent, and was condemned to die. And when at last, upon the cross, when hate was at its height of fury, still he was the exemplification of love. He went down to the spirit world to continue the labors of salvation, and arose as Lord of all. He is the example for Latter-day Saints. He is the captain of our salvation. O youth of Israel, let His spirit be your guide, that the power of God may be with you, in life and in death. Fear not persecution. Armies may come, and death may threaten us, but to the man and woman who have the love of God in their hearts there is no fear. God will judge all men according to their deeds. My young brethren, go not near the ungodly. Young ladies, be united with the young men of Israel for time and eternity—not to those who know not God, but to those who are His noblemen, and who will work for the salvation of mankind. Then will the blessings of eternity be with you.

THE SCHOOLS OF ZION.*

Come thou, rejoice, inspired, immortal soul,
Free and poetic in thy noble thought;
Sing of the wond'rous grand and glorious
work
Which God, Jehovah, in our time hath
wrought.

Of all its features—for the field is wide,
The work embraces all that God hath made—
The cause of education stands supreme,
Deep and in richest soil its roots are laid.

*Read at the Second Annual Convention of the General Board of Education of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Salt Lake City, June 3rd, 1890.

Preparing, through the teacher's patient toil,
The youthful, pure, the eager-learning heart,
To enter in the Holy House of God
Where further light the spirit may impart.

What greater purpose can an object serve,
Than thus to teach each pupil heaven's call,
That mission-labor wherein each one may
Accomplish in this life most good to all?

And this in youth, the happy spring of life,
When love and faith and brightest hopes
abound,
The seed-time, then, when all the souls on earth
The best prepared, most innocent are found.

Then praising Israel's God in joyous songs,
In strains of deep emotions raise thy voice,
While striving much the talents to improve,
In education evermore rejoice.

For treasured in this cause above all else,
Above the beauties and the charms of youth,
Is that bright pearl of greatest price, that gem
Eternal and divine—the precious truth.

Now let thy vision open to a spot,
A perfect joy, a true a real scene,
Where, what a glory to the latter days,
The prosp'ring schools of Zion may be seen.

Behold the system, as it now unfolds,
Established firmly here through Jesus' name,
By Him from whom its powers, its growing
strength,
Its happy life, and its existence came.

Though in the combat that is being waged
Between the powers of darkness and of light,
The cause is now involved—it also stands
To help in gaining vict'ry for the right.

And while engaged in this great, noble work,
While struggling with the foe in trials severe,
The band of valiant workers still maintain
The holy laws of God without a fear.

Those very difficulties, tests and trials,
Conditions set to injure and destroy,
Have caused it still more vig'rously to grow,
And in its growth have everlasting joy.

Thus is the picture even more sublime,
Attractive, here in this much favored land
Among the Saints of God, the king of heaven,
Protected by His care and mighty hand.

Here on this land of Joseph in the west,
The paradise of mother earth to-day,
The glory of the gods in future time,
When righteousness shall hold unbounded
sway.

And now to see the sons of God employed
In many schools of prophets yet to be,
Where Zion's fairest daughters also meet
So pure and chaste, intelligent and free:

To search, to learn from science and from arts,
To glean from fields of truth on ev'ry side,
How happy, when to all in this pursuit
God's glory is their greatest joy and pride,

But only this, and not the spirit's work
Can ever be described by poet's pen,
And while all is essential pure and grand,
This spirit makes true women and true men.

It is the strength, sweet influence, the life
Of Zion's schools, while with the burning love,
The peace, the wholesome nourishment it
brings,
It reaches in its loveliness above.

The student is thus filled with heavenly zeal,
He finds his school a most inviting place,
There to acquire all useful knowledge taught,
Preparing him for his Redeemer's praise.

The teacher sees there for himself a school,
To learn the whisperings of the spirit's voice;
He is inspir'd, and hence through wisdom's
words,
He can in truth's simplicity rejoice.

To both humility is taught while there,
The Gospel's love serenely mild is felt,
Which penetrates their hearts, as they in prayer
Before their Father often thus have knelt:

* * * * *

O God, Creator, Prince of Life and Peace,
Who in Thy mercy ever liv'st to bless,
May heaven's light in these our schools increase
To lead us on to purest happiness.

O let Thy spirit with its gentle power
Encourage, strengthen those whom we revere
As leaders of this cause, and ev'ry hour
Uphold and keep us in Thy love and fear.

Rulers and kings shall honor thee our Lord,
The learned with worldly wisdom yet shall be
Confounded by the weak, who through thy
word
Shall in their efforts be made strong in Thee.

Grant us a crown, though not the world's ap-
plause;
But a reward of choice and highest worth;
Assure us of the triumph of the cause
So marvelously bursting forth on earth.

Richard Haag.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

JUNIUS F. WELLS, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST, 1890.

JOHN CHARLES FREMONT.

No person was better known, probably, in the West, than Colonel John Charles Fremont who died at the house of a friend in New York City, on the thirteenth day of July. His career is a remarkable one—not free from errors, but yet so checkered with good works that his memory will live long in the annals of his country. He was born in Georgia on January 21st, 1813. His father was a Frenchman, who escaped as a prisoner of war from England, and settled down in America. Young Fremont attended the Charleston College, and afterwards got a position as teacher of mathematics on board the sloop of war *Natches*. He afterwards adopted engineering, and set to work improving the railroad between Charleston and Augusta. Completing this, he joined the exploring party of Nicollet, and made surveys in the large north-west prairies. While thus engaged between 1838 and 1839, he became acquainted with Colonel Thomas H. Benton's daughter, and was married against the wishes of her parents. The usual reconciliation, however, followed, and Col. Benton afterwards confessed that his daughter was a better judge of men than he was.

In May, 1842, he began his first exploration of the West, concluding his trip in October. It was his report to Congress that made him famous. It was printed by the Senate, translated into many foreign languages, and the whole scientific world recognized his labors. He not only fixed the locality of that great pass through which myriads now press their way to California, but he defined the astronomy, geography, botany, geology, and meteorology of the country, and described the route since followed, and the points from which the flag of the Union is now flying from a chain of wilderness fortresses.

In the spring of 1844 he started his

third expedition to explore Oregon and California. Next came his trouble with Mason, Kearney and Stockton, which was caused by indefinite government instructions, resulting in a court martial upon Col. Fremont at which he was found guilty of disobedience of the lawful command of a superior officer. He was sentenced to dismissal from the army, but President Polk would not confirm the judgment and remitted the sentence. Col. Fremont would not accept the clemency of the President, but abandoned the profession, being then thirty-four years of age. In 1848 he set out upon his fourth expedition, exploring the Rio Grand region to California. In 1849 he was elected Senator from California, having previously been appointed Mexican Commissioner by President Taylor. In 1851 he was defeated for the Senate by the pro-slavery party; in 1862 he made a tour of Europe, and returning, again pushed across the continent to California by a new and valuable route. In 1856 he was the Republican candidate for the presidency, being defeated by Buchanan. After the election he again went to Europe and remained until he was called home by President Lincoln to aid in the suppression of the rebellion. He was created Major-General in the regular army, May 14, 1861, but resigned in 1864. Since then he has been engaged in private affairs mostly in railroads. In 1878 he was appointed Governor of Arizona, and last April he was confirmed Major-General on the retired list.

Until very recently he had been poor, but was later in easier circumstances. Since April last he has been engaged persistently in literary work. He left an unfinished article for the *Century*. His family were not present at his death, they being at their home in Los Angeles, Cal. Before his death he turned to his physician and said:

"Doctor, yesterday was a bad day and the day before was bad, but to-day was good, and to-morrow, I fancy I shall be able to get to work on my *Century* article again. Then I shall go home."

"Home! Where, General?" the physician inquired.

"Why, to California, of course," was the quiet reply.

But he went to another home; and so passed away the "Pathfinder" of western America—a remarkable and interesting character in the history of our country.

THE President of the United States signed the bill admitting Idaho on July 3rd. The law requires a new star to be added to the flag on the first Fourth of July after the admission of a new state. So now our flag has forty-three stars. Wyoming was admitted on July 10th, and next year the flag will have forty-four. The two new states have together one hundred and five thousand population,

while in New York City, in each of the fifteen wards, there is a population as large as that of the two new states together. It was a wise act in the beginning to give the minority proper representation, to insure equality of states, despite population, but it looks now as if the party in power were trying to abuse this wisdom to their own unrighteous purpose, that they may make their dislodgment difficult. They are apt, however, to find such doings poor policy; especially when considered in connection with the proposed new federal election law—the greatest thrust at states' rights yet conceived.

PIONEER SKETCHES.

VII.

A SCOUTING PARTY.

THE following brief sketch of a scout in Southern Utah, during the Buchanan invasion, may be of interest to the young men of to-day, who, if they take an outing, go well provided with provisions, tents, pack animals or wagons, and a full outfit, making it a nice holiday excursion. In early times such expeditions were not so well provided as to creature comforts; those who went upon them usually having nothing to eat but dry crackers, with a single quilt or blanket for bedding, and nothing but the heavens for covering in tempest, rain or snowstorm.

September 3rd, 1857, word came to Col. W. H. Dame, in command of the Iron Military District, which then included all south of Fillmore, that a force of cavalry was supposed to have been detached from Gen. Johnston's army, which was then seeking entrance into Utah. This detachment was supposed to be making its way southward along the eastern slopes of the Wasatch, in order to come in upon our rear, while our main force confronted the invaders east of Salt Lake City.

To ascertain if this were true, and if so, to learn their whereabouts, a small party was ordered to scout the mountains eastward of Parowan, find the trail of any

such force, find if possible the detachment, and ascertain its numbers and point of direction. This accomplished, to return immediately and report; but in no event to be gone more than eight days.

It was understood that the Indians were hostile to us because of the reward offered them by the United States' officials for every Mormon scalp of man, woman, or infant. So the party were enjoined to use great discretion in all their movements; to build no fires, whose smoke by day or light by night would reveal our position; nor must we fire our guns except in cases of necessity. In short, as much as possible, avoid drawing attention to our movements, as upon this, our safety would in a great measure depend.

The little party consisted of Samuel Lewis, son of the venerable Bishop Tarlton Lewis, Martin Anderson, Joseph Fish, and the writer, all residents of Parowan; and, they left that place September 4th, 1857. The camp outfit was limited. Each man had a horse, a little pouch of home-made crackers and boiled corn, tied to his saddle—and that was all in the way of food. We carried no cooking utensils because we had nothing to cook. Each man also had a single blanket, a rifle, and a lariat to stake his horse with at night.

We entered Little Creek Cañon a few

miles from Parowan, and picked our way up its rocky, tangled defile with much difficulty and labor, there being only a dim Indian trail very hard to trace in rocky portions of the way. Sometimes the ascent was so steep that we had to dismount, take hold of our horses' tails, and make them pull us up. This, by the way, is a very good method in such cases. There is no risk in it, as a horse cannot kick, even if he would.

Some hours of this work carried us to the top of the pass, from which we took our course towards the Sevier River valley as best we could, none of us having ever been in that locality before, and at dusk encamped, having traveled twenty-five miles. Our frugal meal of crackers, dipped in the crystal brook, was soon dispatched, a man stationed as guard, our horses staked securely, our single, well-worn blanket spread upon the ground, and three of us lay down to rest, to be awakened in turn for guard duty. And so, with the gentle ripple of the brook for a lullaby, the mournful, deep, long-drawn howl of the big mountain wolf as accompaniment, and the silent but ever watchful stars looking peacefully upon us, we slept as only those can sleep who are full of health and weariness.

But our bivouac is about eight thousand feet above the sea, and the nights are cold, especially when deprived of fire. Rising at daylight, shivering with cold and too chilly to eat, we traveled on a few miles, by which time we had become warmed by the sun, and pretty hungry. So we stop, let our horses graze, and eat our breakfast. Towards night we reached the South Fork of the Sevier, down which we went eight miles and camped, having come thirty-five miles over hill and gulch, keeping all the while close watch for trail of man or beast.

Next day, the sixth, we crossed the South Fork, made our way to the Middle Fork, and went up it about fourteen miles to the mouth of a small stream flowing into it from the north. This stream abounded in shoals of fish and numerous otter, and we named it Otter Creek. The stream was about twenty

feet wide, two deep, clear as crystal, and bordered for miles on each side with beautiful meadows of tall grass. Along the banks we found numbers of fish freshly caught by the otter, some of them still alive, and all with their tails bitten off. These fish were a very welcome addition to our bill of fare, but were cooked, we must admit, in a somewhat surreptitious manner, inasmuch as we were directed to build no fires. But we argued that this order was directed not so much against fire as smoke, and that if we could cook them on a smokeless fire it could do no harm. How easily we are led the way we wish to go! We found a dry stump which we knew would make hot coals and no smoke, and cooked our fish. We went up stream about twelve miles and camped, our day's journey being thirty-two miles. This day we saw many antelope and one mountain lion or puma, and the temptation to try our guns was almost irresistible to young men fond of hunting. In fact the writer *did* toll three antelope towards him a quarter of a mile, and if he could have induced them to come a little nearer, I am afraid he would have yielded and fired—Indians or no Indians. While thus lying upon the ground enticing the antelope, a lion passed by, not more than three hundred yards distant. He presented a fine mark, but to shoot at him would scare away the antelope, which we vainly wished for food. So both escaped.

On the seventh we still proceeded up stream, crossing small brooks flowing into it from the west, and near the forks of Otter Creek found a grove, several acres in extent, of very large cedars, tenanted by hundreds of big owls, which flew about startled and indignant at our intrusion. This day's travel was thirty-four miles.

On the eighth we ascended a point from which we saw a high mountain many miles away in the north-west, which we supposed to be Mount Nebo. We will mention here that we often ascended high points to detect, if possible, the march of troops, or see their tents, or campfires and smoke. We also kept constant watch for the trails of horses or men, but

found none. As experienced trailers, the track of man or beast could not have escaped our eyes; but we saw frequent tracks made by bears and deer.

By this time our provisions were about consumed, and as we had already been absent five days out of the eight, we reluctantly turned our steps homeward, reaching Parowan, late at night, on the eleventh. We gained one day's time by a forced march, in this wise. Our food was all gone, nothing remaining but a little cracker dust, which we mixed with water, and drank. But the writer killed a large otter, and after skinning it, the flesh looked so tempting, and we were so hungry, that we determined to cook it. As before, we found a dry stump, flashed some powder and kindled a fire, and put some of the otter on the coals to broil. As we stood about gazing and snuffing, with hungry anticipation, a little whirlwind passed exactly over our fire, scattering it into the tall grass which extended here for miles up and down the stream. Instantly a huge column of black smoke ascended to the sky, much to our dismay. This was obeying orders, to make no sign, with a vengeance! With effort, born of desperation, we fought fire for an hour, and at last extinguished it, our hair and clothing singed, out of breath, and perspiring at every pore.

But the mischief was done. If any Indians were within fifty miles they would surely see our smoke, and come to see who made it. We knew we must get away from there at once, and as far as possible. Hastily mounting our tired horses we left the meat so coveted, scorched upon the coals, and traveled until late that night, covering fully fifty miles—nearly two days' travel in one. We all concluded it best to strictly obey orders in future—hungry or not—meat or no meat.

In this little expedition we had traveled nearly three hundred miles, with not more than eight pounds of food to the man; but, youthful and strong, were none the worse for it. We ascertained that no troops had passed, and that the rumor was false. The days were pleasant, but the nights cold, and we suffered a little

with no fire. The ground was white with frost every morning. To the solitary sentinel who crouched for hours behind some friendly bush or tuft of grass for shelter from the keen, frosty, mountain breeze, at that great altitude, the hours seemed to crawl with leaden feet indeed.

In making camp we always sought a thicket in which we might lie concealed; if this were impossible, we camped in the open plain, out of rifle-shot from any rock or tree in sight, and so made surprise by a prowling foe impossible. We relied much upon our horses as sentries, their watchful sense of sight and hearing detecting the slightest movement or sound around us, and their mobile ears indicating its exact direction. In case of danger the guard may lie concealed in the grass, where he can see his horse's head outlined against the sky, and thus may fully trust to senses more acute than his own, safely hidden from sight of the lurking enemy, without danger of a surprise.

A WONDERFUL RIDE.

September 12th, 1857, the writer witnessed the completion of a wonderful ride, or, at least, one that well merits record. On that day James Haslam passed through Parowan to Cedar City, on his return from Salt Lake City, whither he had been sent to carry to President Young intelligence of the attack made upon the company of emigrants at Mountain Meadows by the Indians. Haslam rode from Cedar City to Salt Lake City and return in six days—a distance of five hundred and sixty miles—a feat which has but few parallels in any age.

It was from Haslam that President Young gained his first knowledge of that lamentable affair. To those who knew him and his innate goodness, and his gentle, sympathetic nature, it will not be necessary to say he was overwhelmed with grief and horror. He permitted Haslam to remain in Salt Lake City only long enough to eat a single meal and take a few moments rest, and then sent him back flying, with orders to spare neither himself nor horseflesh; to ride day and night, and get back in time, if possible, to avert the calamity which impended over

that unfortunate company; and that bloodshed be prevented at every cost and hazard.

And well did Haslam obey the injunction. Changing horses at every settlement, hardly stopping to eat or to sleep, he pursued his lonely, tireless way, doing all that man could do to save that company. But in vain; he arrived too late. He had ridden nearly six hundred miles in six days! If any think this a small matter, let him ride even forty or fifty miles a day for two or three days, and he may then have a faint idea of such a labor. He would find himself very tired at the end of fifty miles in one day, but let him still go on and add fifty more that same day, and he will find what it is. But many a man who could ride a hundred miles in one day could not go a mile the next. Every bone in his body would ache, and every muscle would be strained and worn out. Keep this up six days, without any previous training as an athlete, and it becomes simply marvelous as an example of human endurance under physical strain. Yet this is what James Haslam did, and for the purpose before mentioned.

Enemies to President Young and the Saints have often asserted that the killing of that emigrant company, at Mountain

Meadows, was by his direction, and that of Apostle George A. Smith. Nothing could be farther from the truth; no one would have more gladly prevented such an act. Mountain Meadows is about three hundred and fifty miles from Salt Lake City; no telegraph line in those days—no mail line existed. The United States Government had abolished the mails, as a war measure, when it launched its army as a thunderbolt against the Saints. Travel between the extreme south and Salt Lake City was rare and uncertain; and there was no possible way for President Young to know what was going on in the south except by a special courier, as when Brother Haslam was sent, in the journey we now record.

The writer was in a position to know positively the truth of all he says herein, and fearlessly challenges the world to disprove it. He does not expect the non-Mormon world to believe the truth of this—they would rather believe a lie—but he writes for the comfort of those Saints who have heard false reports, but not the truth, and who thereby have been filled with doubt. And all this applies equally to Elder George A. Smith, a man who, like President Young, would a thousand times rather do good than evil to any man.

Santiago

ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

THE ANNUAL REPORT.

OUT of the thirty-two Stakes in Zion, in which there are Improvement Associations, reports have been received from twenty-five, in which it appears there are two hundred and eighty-six associations reported, twenty-eight not reported, making the total number of associations, in the Stakes reported, three hundred and fourteen.

In the following Stakes, not reported, viz., Bannock, Beaver, Maricopa, Oneida, St. Joseph, Sevier, and St. Johns, there are about eighty associations, making the total number of associations in existence about three hundred and ninety-four. When we add to the membership in the

reported Stakes, the members not reported, we have a total of about fifteen thousand, which is a close estimate of the working force of the Young Men's Improvement Associations. It will be seen that the average attendance is not as large as it should be, although it is higher than last year, and approaches fifty-five per cent in the Stakes from which reports have been received.

Nearly fifteen hundred sets of the M. I. A. course of reading have been sold. Only five hundred and eighty-one of these are reported, although there are over nine hundred members reading the books. That five thousand five hundred and twenty-nine meetings were held, and

that a total of twenty-two thousand and fifteen exercises were rendered during the season, are evidences that a wonderful work is being accomplished in the associations—a work, however, that might be greatly enlarged with proper care, effort, and enthusiasm on the part of the officers. Other interesting features will be found in the report as published herewith.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENCY.

Wilford Woodruff, Joseph F. Smith, Moses Thatcher; Assistants to General Superintendency, Junius F. Wells, Milton H. Hardy, Rodney C. Badger, Joseph A. West; Edward H. Anderson, secretary; William S. Burton, treasurer; Evan Stephens, music director.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF STAKE OFFICERS.

The names of the Stake superintendents and their counselors, with the superintendents' post office addresses, at the close of the season, were as follows: Bannock Stake, John L. Roberts, Kaintuck, Idaho, Eugene P. Clements, Alma Hess, counselors, Willard Johnson, secretary; Beaver, R. Maeser, Beaver, superintendent; Bear Lake, Wm. Hymas, Montpelier, John A. Bagley, Charles H. Hart, counselors, James S. Holland, secretary; Box Elder, Charles Kelley, Box Elder, John D. Peters, Nels Madsen, Jr., counselors, Ephraim Jensen, secretary; Cache, L. R. Martineau, Logan, Seth A. Langton, A. G. Barber, counselors, R. W. Sloan, secretary; Cassia, E. T. Hoagland, Elba, Idaho, John N. Price, Charles Call, counselors, Thos. E. Harper, secretary; Davis, J. H. Wilcox, Farmington, J. F. Miller, Joseph Smith, counselors, E. B. Clark, secretary; Emery, Joseph E. Johnson, Huntington, L. P. Ovesen, A. G. Jewkes, counselors, Elias H. Cox, secretary; Juab, Adelbert Cazier, Nephi, I. H. Grace, D. K. Brown, counselors, Joseph W. Vickers, secretary; Kanab, James S. Emmett, Glendale, Willard Carroll, Hans Sorensen, counselors, James W. Watson, secretary; Maricopa, John D. Rogers, Mesa, Arizona, David T. Hibbert, Wallace A. McDonald, counselors; Millard, William Thompson, Fillmore, Frank Hinckley, counselor, Frank F. Merrill, secretary; Malad, S. D. Davis, Samaria, Wm. Richards, Joseph Harris, counselors; Morgan, W. G. Brough, Morgan, John H. Dickson, Frederick Clark, counselors, Alonzo Francis, secretary; Oneida, C. D. Goaslind, Franklin, Idaho; Panguitch, Wm. P. Sargent, Panguitch, John L. Sevy, James B. Heywood, counselors, James B. Heywood, secretary; Parowan, Charles Heybourne, Cedar City, James Ollarton, James H. Armstrong, counselors, Bengt Nelson, Jr., secretary; Salt Lake, Joseph H. Felt, Salt Lake City, Royal B. Young, James W. Eardley, counselors, Charles B. Felt, secretary; Sanpete, John F. Allred, Spring City, Lewis Anderson, Samuel Allred, counselors, John S. Blain, secretary; San Juan, Charles E. Walton, Bluff, Joseph F. Barton, Kumen Jones, counselors, Peter Allen, secretary; San Luis, A. R. Smith, Manassa, Conejos Co., Colorado, J. O. Berthelsen, George W. Irvin, counselors, B. W. Harrison, secretary; St. Joseph, W. J. Packer, Safford Graham Co., Arizona, superintendent; Snowflake, Smith D. Rogers, Snowflake, Apache Co., Arizona, Joseph W. Smith, W. I. Porter, counselors, Silas D. Smith, secretary; Sevier, R. R. Farnsworth, Richfield, Joseph L. Horne, secretary; St. George, Edward H. Snow, St. George, David H. Morris, David F. Stout, counselors, Ashley Snow, secretary; Summit, W. F. Smith, Coalville, Robt. McMichael, counselor, Charles Callis, secretary; St. Johns, W. E. Platt, St. Johns, Apache Co., Arizona, superintendent; Tooele, A. J. McCuistion, Grantsville, J. C. DeLamare, James L. Wrathall, counselors, Eugene T. Woolley, secretary; Uintah, Philip Stringham, Ashley, David H. Bingham, Wm. H. Glines, counselors, A. N. Timothy, secretary; Utah, George H. Brimhall, Provo, J. B. Keeler, J. W. Cluff, counselors, John D. Dixon, secretary; Wasatch, James Heber Moulton, Heber, Frederick Rasband, William Lindsay, counselors, James H. Moulton, secretary; Weber, Edward H. Anderson, Ogden, L. A. Herrick, T. A. Shreeves, counselors, J. L. Herrick, secretary.

Statistical Report of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations for the Year ending May 31st, 1890.

STAKE.	MEMBERSHIP.					MEETINGS.				MISSIONARY LABORS.			LIBRARIES.				M. I. A. READING.		SUBJECTIVE LECTURES.											MISCELLANEOUS.																
	Associations.	Members.	Increase.	Average Attendance.	Young Men over 14 not Members.	Regular.	Joint.	Extra.	District Conference.	Semi-Annual Conference.	Total.	Missionary App'ts. Filled.	Visits of G. & S. Officers.	Members on Missions.	Number.	Volumes.	Added.	Value.	Manuscript Papers.	Sets M. I. A.	Members Reading.	Members Completed.	Bible.	Testament.	Book of Mormon.	Doc. & Cov.	Church History.	Doctrinal.	Historical.	Scientific.	Biographical.	Political and Civil Gov.	Travel.	Miscellaneous.	Total.	Testimonies.	Questions.	Essays.	Declamations.	Musical Exercises.	Total.	No. Both Sexes.	Continue Meetings.			
Bear Lake...	26	829	359	473	140	306	130	17	8	456	9	19	12	15	410	8	277	9	569	60	79	18	37	1	158	54	121	41	20	55	90	21	49	4	8	289	910	410	157	90	131	151	939	1849	7	6
Box Elder...	15	573	29	535	154	220	71	8	2	1	302	40	9	18	127	9	410	00	410	00	42	110	9	137	123	95	67	63	69	75	23	39	18	11	137	837	258	381	66	37	72	814	1671	5	2	
Cachoe...	22	1010	92	635	433	317	107	13	1	438	1	438	4	18	13	13	640	94	635	75	224	115	238	10	188	56	80	14	41	93	56	25	73	9	15	395	1047	344	193	71	79	115	952	1849	2	2
Cassia...	6	153	20	86	9	376	35	1	1	114	17	4	1	6	3	35	80	917	50	3	13	15	25	9	5	8	3	6	27	32	6	4	1	173	264	192	90	49	1	8	29	180	321	1	2	
Davis...	6	244	50	104	47	129	8	1	1	139	14	6	1	1	3	582	80	917	50	40	1	20	20	25	4	9	5	12	7	17	1	1	3	4	61	130	84	14	12	3	6	338	602	0	0	
Emery...	6	161	8	90	3	49	19	3	1	73	15	1	1	1	6	181	133	00	40	1	20	20	25	4	9	5	12	7	17	1	1	3	4	19	83	36	54	18	10	6	119	249	0	0		
Junab...	4	136	37	101	30	36	6	1	1	43	18	6	1	1	3	160	178	00	6	6	30	30	25	4	9	5	12	7	17	1	1	3	4	19	83	36	54	18	10	6	119	249	0	0		
Kanab...	6	155	37	101	30	36	6	1	1	43	18	6	1	1	3	160	178	00	6	6	30	30	25	4	9	5	12	7	17	1	1	3	4	19	83	36	54	18	10	6	119	249	0	0		
Millard...	8	179	38	99	161	68	25	1	1	43	18	6	1	1	3	160	178	00	6	6	30	30	25	4	9	5	12	7	17	1	1	3	4	19	83	36	54	18	10	6	119	249	0	0		
Morgan...	8	156	32	80	98	56	5	4	2	67	2	6	3	1	6	81	8	117	00	18	43	2	20	8	13	4	9	11	10	6	13	7	3	4	48	150	133	35	5	51	34	258	408	1	1	
Malad...	5	214	17	123	92	75	3	1	1	80	2	5	4	1	4	127	64	00	23	1	4	25	1	40	26	13	11	16	29	7	1	1	4	2	42	214	37	140	9	31	5	222	436	2	2	
Panguitch...	4	142	6	65	235	54	17	1	1	74	1	1	1	1	3	346	186	396	50	47	24	10	6	15	17	5	14	16	16	9	17	1	4	19	115	99	14	11	23	35	182	297	0	0		
Parowan...	44	2405	1837	130	711	30	15	2	2	756	5	46	17	24	2040	2065	00	47	20	10	4	25	1	40	26	13	11	16	29	7	1	1	4	2	42	214	37	140	9	31	5	222	436	2	2	
Salt Lake...	3	161	15	63	30	42	14	2	2	60	18	11	1	1	3	39	6	33	25	7	12	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
San Luis...	15	587	76	366	235	175	80	19	2	276	13	6	9	669	43	1100	00	42	11	27	3	12	3	124	13	92	41	38	87	42	16	16	2	1	149	488	272	124	148	105	132	781	1269	1	0	
Sanpete...	18	482	52	321	98	191	140	5	1	332	2	11	10	9	181	443	00	50	29	27	18	63	64	62	19	32	50	37	11	34	10	106	488	272	124	148	105	132	781	1269	1	0				
St. George...	11	406	62	232	62	175	51	1	1	228	2	11	3	9	171	6	165	00	23	1	5	15	1	161	14	39	18	28	49	26	25	9	8	323	700	127	67	17	28	144	883	1033	4	3		
Summit...	6	118	18	60	16	57	11	1	1	69	2	1	1	1	2	29	10	22	50	1	2	10	1	16	5	23	6	9	13	1	2	2	35	175	103	25	14	9	17	168	283	1	0			
Snowflake...	3	80	9	50	5	27	10	1	1	38	2	1	1	1	2	29	10	22	50	1	2	10	1	16	5	23	6	9	13	1	2	2	35	175	103	25	14	9	17	168	283	1	0			
Sn Juan...	7	300	10	152	37	159	39	1	1	199	11	12	4	4	42	56	00	4	12	23	4	12	3	32	8	16	14	14	37	10	11	3	7	107	309	184	146	38	47	76	491	800	5	0		
Tooele...	5	167	4	79	3	54	1	1	1	72	22	7	7	3	54	20	65	4	23	3	15	3	32	8	16	14	14	37	10	11	3	7	107	309	184	146	38	47	76	491	800	5	0			
Uintah...	25	1334	116	604	740	540	165	49	4	2	760	29	30	32	18	19015	35	1903	85	199	81	81	47	26	34	3	33	48	23	3	20	9	27	340	132	523	312	92	135	213	1271	2946	0	0		
Utah...	8	326	32	180	137	37	6	8	5	174	1	1	1	1	1	163	6	125	00	60	17	47	26	34	3	33	48	23	3	20	9	27	340	132	523	312	92	135	213	1271	2946	0	0			
Wasatch...	8	326	32	180	137	37	6	8	5	174	1	1	1	1	1	163	6	125	00	60	17	47	26	34	3	33	48	23	3	20	9	27	340	132	523	312	92	135	213	1271	2946	0	0			
Weber...	23	922	96	464	199	341	239	11	1	592	1	1	1	1	1	892	38	1000	00	51	138	139	11	167	69	112	32	92	113	94	27	60	12	277	1066	535	81	81	70	173	940	2066	3	5		
	286	11343	1185	6146	3326	4064	1278	147	11	29	5529	127	348	155	181	9374	536	\$10738	60	837	581	92	123	1639	637	1106	405	677	1017	820	330	547	133	165	3196	10732	4477	2690	1019	1249	1798	11233	22015	73	26	

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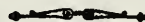
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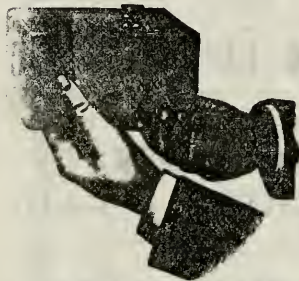
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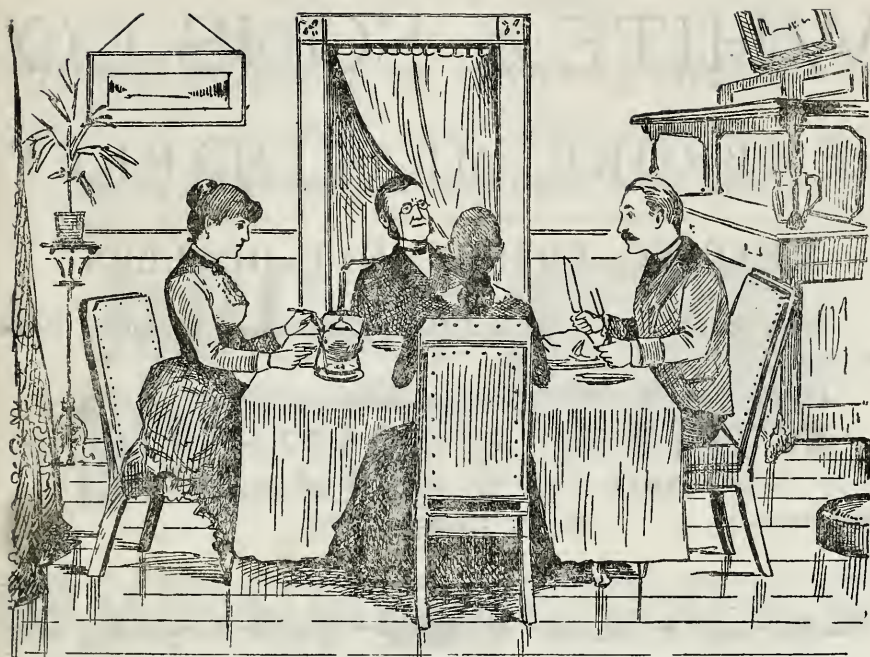
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FAMILY PHYSICIAN—Do you know, there seems to be a natural flavor about this food that is most appetizing? What method do you use in cooking it?

LADY OF THE HOUSE—Well, Doctor, when I was at home, my mother would have no other than a *Charter Oak Stove*. From my earliest recollection I remembered how she would praise it, and her cooking was superb. So when we were married I insisted on having the same kind of stove. Of course the improvements made on them since mother bought hers, are most wonderful. Ours has all the latest, including the *Wire Gauze Oven Doors*. I don't understand the process exactly, but they tell me that all meats cooked in ovens with these doors, retain their juices and flavors to a much greater degree than by any other means. Can you explain the theory, Charles?

CHARLES (the Husband)—I can't remember all that was told me, but I know the Doctor can give a most clear and scientific statement of the reasons, can you not Doctor?

DOCTOR—Well, it is hardly professional to ask such information from a doctor; in fact, I am inclined to think he would not be helping his practice much by saying anything in favor of the *Charter Oak Stoves*. But as I have one in my kitchen, and know something about it, I think I can enlighten you. Of course it would take quite a long lecture to explain everything to you scientifically, and we have not time for that. Count Rumford, an American, who was knighted in Europe for his scientific attainments, pointed out, nearly a hundred years ago, that baking and roasting meats in air-tight ovens was wrong, and he proved it by actual experiments. He asserted that it was as essential to health that our food should be cooked in pure, fresh air as that we should breathe pure, fresh air, and that air-tight ovens render the air impure, and the food cooked therein became tainted and unhealthy. But how to properly ventilate the oven was not discovered for many years after Count Rumford's time. The difficulty was to allow fresh air to enter the oven uniformly without cooling it perceptibly, and this has been accomplished by Mr. Filley's invention of the *Wire Gauze Oven Door*. The air enters the oven through the wire gauze in the form of very fine jets, and as there is a large surface of gauze the air is diffused and heated without forming air currents to cool the oven. Cooking might be called a chemical decomposition with the aid of heat, but oxygen is as necessary as the heat, and this is furnished by the air. Again, the meat roasted in a tight oven loses a large part of its most nutritious juices, which become dried out. Ventilating the oven prevents this waste, and the meat is cooked perfectly in the same way as broiling over a charcoal fire or roasting in the old-fashioned spit of our grandfather's time. Fresh air, or the oxygen furnished by the air, also improves the baking of bread, making it much lighter and more easily digested. Bread baked in a *Charter Oak Stove* with *Wire Gauze Oven Doors* will never mould, and that is very strong proof that the bread is pure and healthy.

CHARLES—Thank you, doctor. I think we understand the reason much better now

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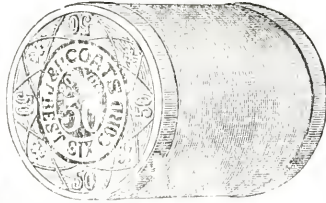
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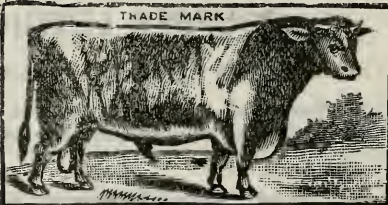
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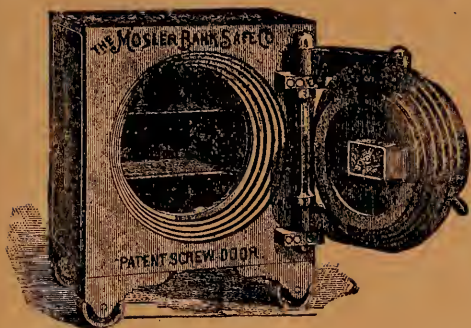
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The Agricultural College of Utah, located at Logan, Utah, will open for students on September 2d.

It is a Territorial Institution founded upon a United States land grant and by Territorial appropriations, for the purpose of giving the young men and young women of Utah a liberal and practical education in the several pursuits and professions of life. It has courses in Agriculture, Domestic Economy, Mechanic Arts and Mechanical Engineering, Civil Engineering and other special courses.

It has modern equipments and specialists in its several fields of instruction.

Its means of illustration include the United States Experiment Station and its work of research in Agriculture; a fine farm including horticultural grounds equipped with modern appliances. A cooking, dairy, cutting and sewing department, workshops in wood and iron, a new library; museums and other means of illustration.

Students will be kept in constant contact with illustrations of schoolroom teachings throughout its four years' courses.

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